

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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REV. PHINEAS RICE, D. D.

EDITORIAL.

THROUGH the favor of the Agents of the New York Book Concern we are enabled to produce a portrait of this eminent man of God, so lately passed away from among us. It was engraved several years since, but we are assured that it is the best likeness extant. It will be new to nearly all our readers, and we are glad to have it in our power to honor the illustrious dead, and at the same time to present an offering at the shrine of Christian friendship.

In the Journal of the New York Conference for 1807, among the answers given to the question, "Who are admitted on trial?" we have the following: "Phineas Rice—single, aged twenty-one, pious, clear of debt, sound in doctrine, zealous, five or six years in society." In the Journal of the same Conference for 1809, among the answers to the question, "Who are admitted into full connection?" we have this: "Phineas Rice—single, traveled two years, a little *funny*, acceptable, sound in doctrine and discipline. Received and recommended to deacon's orders. He was gently reproved for his improper pleasantries by Bishop M'Kendree." For the literal transcript of these records we are indebted to the Rev. J. B. Wakeley, but our first knowledge of them was derived from Dr. Rice himself, who said he had often looked at them and laughed to think that, in his native simplicity, he imagined when Bishop M'Kendree reproved him, it was only a part of the *being received into full connection*.

When admitted upon trial in the Conference he was about twenty years of age. It was the starting-point of a long and invariable career of labor and usefulness in the cause of Christ. Without deviation, without faltering, and with a remarkable singleness of purpose, he pressed

forward in the race, till, under the burden of years, weary and feeble, he sank into rest.

His first appointment was to one of those broad, expansive circuits known in early Methodism. It was Granville, in the State of Vermont. His senior colleague was Nathan Emery, and his presiding elder the well-known Peter Moriarty. In both respects he was admirably situated, and he always cherished a sort of sacred recollection of his first senior colleague and his first presiding elder.

The fields of labor occupied by Dr. Rice we need not enumerate. They were such as to bring him prominently before the Conference. Perhaps half of his ministerial life was spent in the office of presiding elder. We have every reason to believe that such positions were not sought by him. It was our great, good fortune at our "first Conference" to be assigned to the same hospitable home with Dr. Rice. One day in conversation with him he remarked, "I never yet sought an appointment; I never intend to. It is not Methodistic. I have for years watched those who are everlastingly seeking accommodation, and I honestly believe that in the long run they do not fare as well as those who leave themselves entirely in the hands of the appointing power. From my experience, I would advise every young man—hands off from that business." That sentiment came to us in the freshness of our ministerial experience, and now we look back through the lapse of years with thankfulness to the author for it, and for the impression it made upon us. We have introduced it here only to say that Dr. Rice unquestionably acted upon this principle, and that his experience as an itinerant is a practical demonstration of its correctness.

The eccentricities of Dr. Rice, whether manifesting themselves in social life or in the pulpit, were so peculiarly of his own pattern that any one attempting their imitation will not only

be sure of making a sad failure, but will be in danger of degrading himself to the level of the clerical buffoon.

Dr. Rice was eminently a man of prayer. Those who have occupied the same room with him in his visitations upon his district or at conferences, will bear witness how long protracted were his private devotions, and how earnest his wrestlings with God.

Though long in the eldership, his brethren heartily concurred with the bishops in that appointment, if in no other. In sketching some of the venerable men of the General Conference of 1856, we said of him, not in words of eulogy, but of truth, "A truer and nobler man never trod the earth. He is one of the few who have been long continued in the presiding eldership, and yet retained an undiminished hold upon the affections of the younger men. His preachers ever feel that, so long as they themselves are worthy, their interests are safe in his hands. He is commanding and noble in personal appearance. Accumulated years and long-continued labors have made their impression upon him; but his heart is yet young, and his intellect even now glows with the fire of earlier years. Like Peter Cartwright, he possesses a keen perception of the ludicrous; his conceptions are often quaint, and are quaintly expressed; but in his discourses, ever and anon, passages of deep pathos, of stirring thought, rising in their expression to the sublime height of true eloquence, break upon and thrill the audience."

In the list we had enumerated Jacob Young, Peter Cartwright, Alfred Griffith, and J. B. Finley in connection with the subject of this sketch, and of them we said: "In their genial wit and humor there are strong traits of resemblance among these Nestors of the General Conference. There is no asceticism in their nature; their piety is not of the sour and repulsive cast. But it is none the less true and fervent, and, we may trust, acceptable for all that. They have laughed and joked, as well as prayed and preached, in their day, and we half suspect they have lived the longer for it. They evidently incline to look upon the bright rather than the dark side of things; to rejoice in all true progress in the Church rather than to find fault with it. Serene and peaceful be their old age; glorious their immortality."

Dr. Rice was a delegate to each successive General Conference from 1820 to 1856 inclusive, and would undoubtedly have been elected to that of 1860 had not his failing health and the growing infirmities of age made it impossible for him to attend.

We have already indicated some of the elements of his strength, and especially those which secured for him so largely the confidence and favor of his brethren. Yet at the expense of some repetition we will add the following summary from the pen of Dr. Thomson: "His popularity arose not from any adventitious cause, and, it may be truly said, was not sought by him. He was not eloquent in the usually-received sense of that word. In the deliberative bodies of which he was a member he seldom spoke; but when he did his speeches were always characterized by brevity. All kinds of clap-trap and buncombe were his abhorrence. He had a natural vein of pleasantry, in which he indulged, as some of his friends thought, with too much frequency; and even when in the pulpit at times a facetious remark, evidently unpremeditated, would cause his hearers to smile. These smiles were not seldom suddenly followed by tears as the preacher passed from one phase of his subject to another. His pathos and tenderness were strangely blended with his wit and humor, and if one could have wished that there had been less of the latter qualities, it was nevertheless evident that there was in them no bitterness, no harshness, no undue severity.

"No man was more ready to give advice to those who sought it, and no man's advice was more to be depended upon. It is not now remembered that a higher tribunal ever overruled or reversed a decision made by him in a quarterly conference, and it is believed that he presided over more of those bodies than any other minister, certainly over more than two thousand during the successive years of his eldership.

"Fidelity to his engagements and punctuality were distinguishing traits of his character. Nothing but sickness detained him from his appointments, or some providential and unforeseen contingency. If by any chance he failed of being present when he was expected, his well-known character was a guarantee that there was a good reason for his absence.

"His love for the Church of his choice was ardent and unintermittent. Whether in the majority or in the minority on those questions about which good men differ, he was always loyal. He utterly loathed that principle which seeks to ruin when it can not rule. In the last conversation we had with him, a few weeks before his death, he adverted to the connective principle as developed in the conduct of an individual from whom he differed in sentiment on some points, but whose consistency contrasts strangely with the course of some whom he had once numbered among his friends. After

having eaten the bread and waxed fat, these men, because of personal disappointment, and with petty malignity, aim a blow at the connectional principle which has hitherto kept us a united people. For such, friends though they once were, and partly indebted to him for official standing in the Church, Dr. Rice had only regret and stern rebuke.

"But he was very far from being bigoted in his religious attachments. Though he was a Methodist from choice and from principle, he loved all who loved the Lord Jesus. He rejoiced in the success of the cause of Christ every-where, and felt a personal share in the glory of every victory under whatever denominational banner obtained. Of course his end was peaceful, and his death such as might have been expected. Calm and resigned, he awaited the final summons, and when it came, departed to be with Christ forever."

When the venerable Marvin Richardson, now the senior member of the Conference, asked him if he had any word to leave to that body, "No," said he, "my life is all." And his brethren in the Conference will feel that that is a precious legacy.

Of his last hours the Rev. J. P. Hermance says: "His sufferings were great, but were all borne without complaint. For a day before his death he was unable to speak, and for some hours, in the judgment of his physician, quite unconscious of what was passing around him. His many utterances, while conscious, as his end drew near, were all encouraging and hopeful. To such as were permitted to visit his bedside he repeatedly expressed his faith in Christ, and his hope of a home in heaven."

Thus has passed away a great and good man—one who will be much missed in his Conference, and long be remembered by his brethren.

As we look around us we are led to inquire, where are the fathers—the men of herculean frame, of heroic nerve, and of gigantic intellect, who so lately, like sons of thunder, ranged over the hills and valleys of this entire land to call sinners to repentance? Where are the men who stood in the van, unmoved by the heat of the conflict? Where are the men who shone pre-eminent in the councils of the Church in former years? Where are they? Alas! we call, but the grave sends forth no response. Few of them, indeed, remain among us. They have put off the armor and ceased from the battle. Their life was one of strong and earnest labor, and now they "sleep well." We said "the grave sends forth no response." Yes, it speaks. It bids us *work while it is yet day*. It warns us that the night cometh.

PERFUMES, MYRRH, FRANKINCENSE, GUMS.

BY MISS M. A. THOMAS.

GUM benzoin is the product of a tree growing in Sumatra and Java. From the most remote period this gum has been considered of great value in the manufacture of perfumes, and is often used as such without preparation, its odor being very agreeable. It is also used in medicine.

There is a quantity of manufactured perfumes distilled from various objects in nature, many of them under the general name of cologne; others are named from the plants from which they are procured, or from some circumstance connected with them. Thus Hungary water is called from the Queen of Hungary, she having been supposed to have been cured of some disease by its use. It is distilled from rose-mary. Lavender water is made by steeping lavender leaves in spirits of wine and adding ambergris to it, which is a substance of animal origin, often found floating on the sea; it is ash-colored, opaque, solid, very light, and veined. It is valuable to perfumers, and sells at a guinea an ounce.

Myrrh is not exactly a perfume; it is a gum, or sap, which exudes from a kind of thorn-tree growing in Arabia. It comes from the tree in drops of various sizes and different colors, has not a pleasant taste, but is fragrant, and hardens by exposure to the atmosphere. It is much used in medicine.

Frankincense, or incense, is also a gum of pale yellow or white color; it is inflammable, and has a bitter, pungent taste. This gum has been famous in all ages and countries; it was used in the religious rites of the Hebrews, in the temple of false gods, and it is written that in the temples of Moab, Moleck, which Solomon caused to be built for his wives, it was there burned. The luxurious Babylonians used it in quantities in their houses, and upon the altars of their gods. In the temple of Venus, in the Island of Cyprus, there were one hundred altars which smoked daily with incense, and were not allowed to go out, and it is historically stated that twenty-five tuns of it were burned on the altar of Belus every year. In Athens, where Paul first preached, a place famous for its idolatry, it is said that the smoke of incense like a cloud continually hung over the city.

The origin of this gum is not certainly known, for the ancients wrapped it in mystery and fable, but it is supposed to be procured from a shrub which grows wild in the mountains of

Arabia. These are called precious gums. We read in the New Testament that at the birth of the Savior, while he yet lay in the manger, the wise men appeared before him and presented gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

"In peace the sages came and paid
Their meed of gold, and spice, and myrrh.
And why such bliss on Mary laid?
She felt that peace had come to her."

At the present day it is used in the worship of Catholic churches by burning in a censer.

Gum arabic is another of the products of Arabia, and from this circumstance it is named, but it is also found in Morocco and other of the Barbary States. The Moors carry on an extensive trade in it. It is used in the arts as a medicine and as a cement, and is important in calico printing. This gum runs spontaneously from the tree after the rainy season, at which time the inhabitants from all parts journey to the forest to collect it. The gum is wholesome and pleasant to the taste, and while they are waiting for it to congeal, assorting and picking it, and getting it ready for market, they have no other food. After it is collected they carry it to the sea-coast, where they sell it to French and English merchants, who make great profit on it.

There are several species of the acacia-tree, but gum arabic is principally obtained from the red and white; that procured from the red is variegated and of different colors, that from the white is almost colorless; as the gum runs from the tree it hardens or congeals in drops of different sizes. From one species of this tree, the catechu, an astringent drug is obtained. The acacia is said to be one of the handsomest of trees, with beautiful feathery-looking foliage, and bearing fragrant yellow blossoms. The poet says:

'Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves its yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in the wilderness.'

The flowers of the acacia are used by the Chinese to give the peculiar yellow color, which we notice in the silks and stuffs brought from that country; this color is sometimes called China yellow.

Saumaules, in Africa, is called the natural country of the spices, as incense, myrrh, and spices abound there.

A gum called mezquet has lately been discovered in Texas, California, and New Mexico, which is said to equal gum arabic. The tree from which this gum is procured resembles the

peach; the wood is hard and easily polished; the natives make small articles of furniture of it. The blossom is like that of the yellow jasmin. The gum has been used in medicine. There are two species of the tree, both bearing pods or beans, which are the principal food of the Indians on the Colorado; these pods are collected in quantities by the women when ripe, and stored away for future use; they make bread of them by grinding them first to flour. The leaves of the tree are excellent food for mules, and as they are to be found in the desert, are invaluable to the traveler crossing it. The wood is good fuel. The time of gathering the pods is a holiday among the natives of the region where they grow.

Gum senegal is a gum similar to gum arabic, and is brought from the shore of Senegal River in Africa.

Gum tragacanth comes from Asia, Crete, and Greece, and is the product of a thorny shrub.

Gum shellac is the resin lac spread in thin plates. Lac is a resinous substance produced on the banyan-tree. It is composed of several kinds of resin and a red coloring matter. "Stick lac" is the twigs of the tree incrustated with the lac. When boiled these twigs lose their color, and they are called "sud lac;" when spread in thin plates it is "shellac," and is used for making red sealing wax, and for preparing varnishes.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

No cloud-spots dim thy radiant wing,
Dyed in the azure of the sky;
No storm grates in thy melody,
Blithe minstrel of the Spring.
The flowers wake from their lethargy,
And listen to thy simple strains;
The brooklet breaks its icy chains,
And joins the pleasant jubilee.
Let music swell thy tiny throat,
While woods bow their young leaves to hear
The song that brings the Summer near,
Thou sweet bird of the sky-blue coat.
Behold the trees on vale and hill
Stretch out their arms, so stout and true,
To hold thy nest and eggs of blue,
And yield their berries to thy bill.
Fair violets, like drops of bloom,
Rained from the overarching skies,
Look up to thee with azure eyes;
Thy trump has called them from their tomb.
A sweet song-blossom on the tree
Thy graceful figure seems indeed:
Cursed be the hand that makes thee bleed,
Or robs thee of thy progeny!

IDEAS AND WORDS ALWAYS NEW;

OR, AN ESSAY ON POPULAR JESTS.

BY PRESIDENT ALLYN.

"Argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a jest forever."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALONZO, King of Aragon, used to say, "Age appears to be best in four things: old wood is best to burn, old wine is best to drink, old friends are best to trust, and old books are best to read." It is impossible to tell how much the present generation owes to the past. We try to flatter ourselves that we live in a better age than ever before dawned upon mankind; yet so improbable and far from demonstration is this that men are found every-where around us who persuade themselves that all things are now sadly degenerate. This can not, however, be true, unless the race is made worse by having an inheritance of knowledge and virtue left to them by their forefathers. Indeed, some good people do seem to believe that every boy or girl, every young man or young woman who inherits a fortune of wealth, or station, or honor, will, by an inevitable necessity, be ruined, and they are, therefore, full of compassion and pity toward such unfortunate beings. To be consistent they should regard all accumulations made by the toil, the study, and the industry of past ages as positively injurious to the world. Solomon knew better than these men, and, after having looked at both sides of all such questions, he said: "Wisdom is good with an inheritance, but the excellency of wisdom is that it giveth life to him that hath it."

The real truth is, all that is most valuable in every age is derived or inherited from the past. The trees and plants, the flowers and the harvests of the earth grow from soil made up of debris broken from the rocks of former ages, and enriched by the leaves and wood of vegetables that lived and decayed in periods long ago forgotten. So of our present growing literature, our conversation, and even our thinking. They thrive amid the wrecks of former growths, and are composed of matter that once lived in other shapes in other times. The thoughts, the ideas, the fancies, the jests, the repartees, the witticisms, the arguments, and, paradoxical as it may seem, even the impromptus of to-day are made up of, are nourished and supported by the decay of the same things in other days and in other lands. With all our inventions and study, with all our writing and talking, with all our endeavors to be new, striking, and original, we do but use over and over the element-

ary principles of the old literatures. It is the same thing as in our penmanship. We use only twenty-six characters for all our correspondence and records, and even these are all made up of less than a dozen different marks, and these latter are composed of either straight lines or curves. Ideas are more properly compared to coined money, which is used again and again by thousands of persons in different years and for different purposes; and, though always having the same value, yet it is seldom used in exactly the same combinations of units, and rarely ever purchases in consecutive years the same amounts of wheat or barley, vinegar or honey.

The whole process of re-using the thoughts and ideas, the images and fancies of other ages is very similar to that process by which the earth is watered and kept in health and beauty. The same water that floated in the antediluvian ocean and air is floating around and above us to-day, but whether in air or ocean no one can tell. We know that its vapor rises from the surface of the sea, and rides in the chariot of the clouds to descend upon the earth and again repeat its mysterious circuit of earth, ocean, and air to earth again. Yet every-where it is the same. So man's thoughts are often the same, yet always under different forms, and they are always ready to be used and repeated with elegance and power.

Perhaps this practice of using the ideas of the men of olden times has been already sufficiently treated in several articles heretofore printed on Translations, Quotations, and Proverbs, all of which were considered as examples of the current and elegant, the effective and popular use of old thoughts, either in new or old words. But the practice really receives its most forcible and most curious illustration from the constant repetition of the ancient jests and witticisms of the past under a thousand new forms in all modern ages and nations. It might at first be supposed that the fickle whims and evanescent fancies of the jest, the subtle analogies and remote resemblances which constitute the soul and element of wit, which most of all stir the fountains of irrepressible laughter, and which seem too fleeting to be caught and written in letters, would be at once as transitory as the morning vapor, and as difficult to be recalled as the breath that gave them utterance. They do appear to be, like that Greek nymph, Echo, who was all voice and nothing else, completely without a local habitation or a bodily shape. But on more careful reflection they are found to be really the most enduring portions of literature. Strange as this may seem, it is,

nevertheless, capable of rigid demonstration that our most admired and popular jests, the most brilliant specimens of our wit, the most mirth-provoking points of our modern witticisms, and even the best of our repartees, whether pre-meditated or impromptu, have lived in other ages, and have been remembered by mankind and handed down from time immemorial. Not but that new combinations and even new germs and flowers are daily added to the great mass of this sort of literature, but that the very best and by far the largest number are old, very old, and have borne repetition by thousands of tongues for thousands of years with no diminution of popularity or interest. We think the current jests of to-day must have sprung from the circumstances of to-day, just as we think the rose of this morning sprang from the dew of last night and the sunshine of to-day; when, in fact, the truth in both cases is the exact reverse, and neither sprang from the forces of the current hour. That rose is only the result of agencies that have been for years accumulating elements and energies to meet on this particular morning and shape themselves into this particular blossom. And that jest is also, probably, only a revival of some previous one long ago uttered and now renewed with only a word or a shade of thought or an application altered to suit the present emergency. There is this very striking difference, however: the rose is a new blossom made out of original or old-time elements; the jest or witticism is only a resurrection of an old-time saying with its grave-clothes laid off.

Wit is fugitive, it is said, and has not the body to insure its preservation as has history or belles-lettres, poetry or oratory. And so it might have been said of the little mosses and lichens now so carefully and delicately preserved in the crevices of the strata of the primary and transition periods of geology, while the great cliffs and mountain chains of the Pre-Adamite world and eras might have been said to have solidity to preserve them. But they are gone with all their granite rock and porphyry ledges, while the little lichens remain with every leaf and fiber as complete in stone as when they grew. Their very weakness and humility secured them from friction, and wafted them to a place of security, while the strength and fixedness of the mountains exposed them to contact with all opposition, and finally overwhelmed them in universal destruction.

An author says, with as great truth as beauty, "Things that are composed of such flimsy materials as the fancies of the multitude do not seem calculated for a long duration; yet these

have survived shocks by which even empires have been overthrown, and have preserved, at least, some form and color of identity during a repetition of changes both in the religious opinions and civil polity of States." Such are the children of the mind, and they partake necessarily of its immortality. They are, therefore, spiritual, and yet are as real as the creations of the hands, and, being spiritual, they are the true cosmopolites or citizens of the world. They can not be confined to any one clime. They dwell in no one city. They are clothed in no one language, and adopt no exclusive fashion of manners. Like the Palladium of Troy, they may be admired and adored in one city, and even be called its own peculiar inheritance, derived directly from heaven, and its guardian divinity. But like that same Palladium, if stolen and removed to another city or nation, they are then equally at home, they will be worshiped with equal devotion, they will smile upon it with an equal benediction, and grant to it as watchful a protection.

Such fancies are commonly simple, not unfrequently nonsensical, yet they are always amusing, and, perhaps, never completely profitless. They consist of songs, tales, and rhymes of the nursery and play-ground, snatches of the workshop and wayside, bon mots of the parlor and drawing-room, and the never-tiring, oft-repeated puns and repartees of the fireside and social party. They flourish in all times and countries, are loved and prized equally by youth, manhood, and age, and are equally appreciated by all classes, the king and the beggar, the sage and the fool, the wit and the dunce, the pious and the profane, and nothing in literature has maintained such a firm hold on life and bids so fair to secure and perpetuate immortality as these fugitive children of man's brain.

The reason is not difficult to find. It is similar to that which preserves the proverb and gives it its power to please and instruct. In order to attain the full force of the *jeu d'esprit*, or sally of wit, the *jeu de mot*, the pun or play upon a word, the exact words and their exact collection also must be conscientiously preserved. A single word left out, or even a syllable or an accent misplaced, or a word added to the original will often spoil the whole and render what was both witty and wise in its true form totally insipid if not contemptible in its altered shape. Take an instance. There is a standing jest around almost all colleges concerning unfashionably-short garments worn by the poorer members of the incoming classes. It is as old as Greek literature, and is claimed as belonging to both the universities of England,

to many in Germany, and to at least four of our older colleges. The Greeks tell it thus: "A poor countryman, who wore an outlandish cloak, was ridiculed by a citizen on account of his short skirt. He replied, 'It will be long enough before I get another.'" The learned Dr. Dwight, of Yale College, in his old age appears to have heard this repartee for the first time, and was wonderfully pleased with it. At his tea-table in the evening he undertook to repeat it, declaring that it was the aptest reply and best specimen of mother wit he had ever heard. His version was—"Some sophomores were laughing at a freshman about his short jacket, telling him that such a jacket was all too short for so long a body, when he wittily replied, 'It will be long *time* enough before I get another.'" By putting in a single word he had spoiled the jest beyond the possibility of recovery. The wit originally consisted in the two allowable significations of the word *it*. In the one case it might mean time, and so the Doctor supplied that word. In the other it might mean jacket, and so the construction would demand. While the illusion or ambiguity can be kept before the hearer's mind the wit is seen, but when the Doctor dissolved that illusion, or cleared up the absurdity the wit flew away also. In such cases the wit is like those specters which we see in the indistinct dawn of the morning formed out of some stump, or shrub, or rock. When the objects are half seen we can readily imagine them to be any thing grand or fearful, but as soon as they are wholly visible the fancied shape disappears, and only plain and sober reality stands before us. A single word will let in light enough to dissolve the illusion of the wit, and hence the witty most of all men are exceedingly particular about the choice of their words, and often very sensitive about having their witticisms and jests repeated and retailed by others. Saxe describes this in his "Comic Miseries:"

"You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into your neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears;
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it
And leaving out the pun."

It is frequently said, yet often incorrectly, that this sort of punning *jeu-de-mots* are not translatable from one language into another. Take the following from the Greek: "A teacher of youth was one day lecturing to a class of young men and women. One of the young women, a favorite with the lecturer, got a bit

of dust in her eye, and applied to him to have it extracted. As he bent tenderly over her to look at the eye, a bystander exclaimed, 'Take care you do not spoil the pupil.'" Here is another from the French: "Two Frenchmen were speaking of puns, and one declared that they were easily made on almost every subject, since nearly every word had two or more meanings to play upon. 'Then,' said the other, 'make one upon the king.' 'Ah,' was the instant reply, 'the king is not a *subject*—Le roi n'est pas un sujet.'"

The value which men put upon these fugitive sayings of wit may be somewhat more clearly seen from the name given to them by the earnest nations of the world. The Greeks called them *asteia*, that is, things from the city, or made in the city—short, sharp, polished, pungent words and sentences, which could only be compacted and burnished by the continual contact and friction of men in crowded masses acting upon each other. They thus imply their superior elegance and refinement. They were also called *hales*—"salts"—implying by that word and its connections that these anecdotes and playful sayings were the spice and seasoning of conversation as well as the preservatives of a knowledge of human nature, of refinement and grace. The Romans termed them *salinae*—salt-pits—as Lord Bacon says, "that you may extract salt of and sprinkle it where you will." Cicero particularly commends them, and Julius Cæsar actually found time to make a large collection of them, as did other men of that stern old Roman race. The old English call them witticisms, using a word which, in the original form or element of *wis*, means that peculiar quality which discovers things as they are. Wis or wit is similar in meaning to the radical of wisdom. If wit has been rightly defined—"saying the best thing in the best place"—this is certainly one of the most valuable characteristics of wisdom also.

Lord Bacon says of these jests, or apophthegms, as he calls them: "They are of excellent uses. They serve to be interlaced in continued speech. They serve to be recited upon occasion of themselves. They serve if you take out the kernel of them and make them your own. I have for my recreation in sickness, gathered up the old, not omitting any because they are vulgar, for many vulgar ones are excellent good, nor neglecting any for the meanness of the person, but because they are dull and flat, and adding many new that otherwise would have died." With such an example before us our magazine need not be ashamed to give a few columns to a consideration of these elegant den-

izens and ornaments of all literature and conversation. If we add a few specimens and accompany them with comments we shall certainly be compromising neither our dignity nor our usefulness.

First let us repeat, for the sake of exemplifying it, a remark already made, that many, if not most of our best witticisms, are really old; we know not but some of them are as old as the tower of Babel at least. Perhaps nothing is more deceptive to a novice than smart sayings, witty replies, keen retorts, smart repartees, and sudden impromptus. They seem to spring from the occasion as sparks fly from the smitten steel and flint, and it is very difficult to imagine that they were mostly if not all previously prepared by hard study. Yet we are told as to those sparks that they were sleeping in the steel before the flint uncovered them by a rude blow. In the old mythology even Jupiter could only hurl thunderbolts previously manufactured by hard labor on the anvils of the Cyclopes. So it is with the lightning-shafts of wit; they are chiefly forged and polished a long time before they are used, and the wittier the form of the thought, the sharper the retort, the longer and more difficult as a general rule must have been the labor of preparation. Menago, in a sentence that would do credit to an Irish sage and wit, says, "It is a difficult matter to make an impromptu. I believe, for my own part, that none are good but those that are made at leisure."

The much celebrated repartee of Voltaire—perhaps the most praised of any one in literature—is by no means an original one. It is thus told of the Frenchman: "Voltaire was speaking in terms of admiration and commendation of a certain Englishman and his writings. A friend who heard him said, 'M. Voltaire, your praise is highly disinterested, for that gentleman often speaks of you and your writings in terms of bitter censure.' 'Very good,' said Voltaire. 'It is not important, for we are both probably much mistaken in each other.'" The basis of this well-turned repartee is in the old Greek apophthegms, and is, in our opinion, better than in the French. "In his lower fortunes Themistocles was in love with a young man who scorned him. When Themistocles grew to greatness, which was soon after, this young man sought him, reminding him of his former desires. But Themistocles simply said, 'We are both grown wiser now, but too late for you.'" Here is another often quoted as the result of modern Irish logic, but yet it is thoroughly Greek, and older than the discovery of Ireland by the Romans: "A scholastic, wishing

to teach his horse to live without eating, gave him a daily-diminishing quantity of food. When the horse died of hunger he said, 'I am greatly afflicted, for when my horse had learned not to eat he died.'" Here is another modern jest, at least as old as the New Testament: "A simpleton, wishing to know if it became him to sleep, shut his eyes and looked in a mirror!" How extremely Celtic is the combination of those two acts, *shutting* the eyes and *looking*! The practice is certainly worth the trial by some of our church-going sleepers of these degenerate days. Lord Bacon tells a story as having happened in his time, though he himself was too much of a scholar not to know it had been in circulation both in Greek and Roman literature for thousands of years. "A gentleman, who loved good wine sent home a cask full of the best sort carefully sealed at the bung. His butler made a hole in the cask, and, drawing off, stole the half of the wine. As the owner debated with himself how the wine could have got out while the seal was unbroken, a friend showed the hole near the bottom, now plugged up, from which some rogue had stolen the wine. 'That can't be,' said the puzzled owner, 'for do n't you see it is not the lower half but the upper half that has been stolen.'" Such things so constantly repeated and claimed by all nations, prove their popularity, and show how widely and rapidly is their spread among all nations. They are like the clouds that float in the air, and thus become the common property of the whole hemisphere; and, though beheld by every eye, they are never seen by any two eyes with exactly the same shape or color, yet they are always regarded as beauties, and gazed upon with pleasure.

Enough may have already been said on the *pun*, the kind of witticism most easily made, most readily appreciated, and most convenient for repetition. Here, however, is one rather literary than otherwise, and, perhaps, too ingenious and artful ever to have been made outside of some writer's workshop: "A London tobacconist had accumulated a fortune by selling 'quids,' and had, therefore, gained the soubriquet of 'Old Quid.' At length he set up a carriage and livery, and put as a motto on the arms the Latin words 'Quid rides.' One of two wags asked the other what the words meant. 'Mean!' said he, 'why they mean just as they read, that old Quid rides,'" thus using the words as English, not as Latin, and taking advantage of the similar *forms* of words, not of their similarity in sense, on which to base his pun. The pun is often called the lowest species of wit, yet is among the very oldest, and is

really one of the most graceful and pleasing of all the rainbow forms which wit can assume. It may be found in ideas as well as in words. Thus when a plain countryman was asked one cold night what he would take to go a mile without his clothes, and instantly replied, "I would take a cold," he was punning upon a word. But when the convict, ordered to be transported to Botany Bay, made his "Convict's Song," he was punning upon ideas.

"True patriots we,
For be it understood
We left our country
For our country's good."

Closely allied to this double meaning of words is that species of wit which grows out of so placing the words of a sentence as that two meanings shall be possible, and altogether inconsistent with each another. "A stern and irritable judge had, at one assize, ordered a carpenter to make a gibbet. When the sheriff called upon the workman he refused to make the gibbet, on the plea that he had not been paid for a previous one. At the next assize the judge had him called into court, and demanded in a harsh tone, 'Fellow, how came you to refuse to make the gibbet for me ordered at the last assize?' 'I humbly beg pardon,' said the carpenter; 'had I known it was for your honor it should have been made immediately.'" A story is told of two deacons who lived in Dedham, Massachusetts. The old graveyard of the town, never very large, had become full, and it was proposed to purchase ground for and lay out another. Deacon Pond argued that it ought to be in one place, and Deacon Dana insisted on another spot. Deacon Pond's proposition was carried to the great mortification and indignation of Deacon Dana, who did not fail to express his mind with very great freedom. A few weeks afterward Deacon Pond went to his minister for sympathy and Christian consolation under certain irritating words spoken by his brother deacon. 'O, Mr. Parker,' said he, 'do you know what an impious speech Deacon Dana made to me?' 'Certainly not,' said the preacher; 'what was it?' 'Why, he said about our new graveyard that he would never be buried there as long as *he* lived.' 'And what did you say to that, Deacon Pond?' 'Why, I told him that *I* would if the Lord should spare my life.'"

There is one form of wit exceedingly easy of attainment, and sometimes very popular, though by no means to be commended. It consists in the hugest and most improbable of stories, surpassing even the most extravagant hyper-

boles. The further these are from truth the better for their purpose, and yet they must have an appearance of truth for their basis. Let such a story be told with great volubility and repeated with apparent sincerity and it almost makes for itself believers. Thus the story often of Yankee ingenuity, patience, and thriftiness, told concerning one who made and sold wooden hams so natural that the flies laid their eggs in them, and which were only detected as cheats when it was found that they could not be boiled soft, is a good specimen. A better example is that of the other Yankee who bought a bushel of shoe-pegs and found them too rotten for their legitimate use, so he, rather than lose his purchase money, *whittled* off the ends sharp and sold them for oats! The traveling agents of two English trading houses stopped at the same hotel for a night. In their conversation they spoke of the business of their rival houses, and each one tried to magnify that of his own. "It cost our firm last year not less than three hundred pounds sterling to buy ink for our correspondence and book-keeping," said one. "A mere flea-bite," said the other. "Two years ago we adopted the practice of neither dotting our *i*'s nor crossing our *t*'s, and thereby we save a round two thousand a year in ink and pens."

This is an instance where the greater the falsehood the greater the wit. But there are cases exactly the reverse, where the whole wit of the retort or sentiment lies in its truthfulness. In some of these cases the truth is, without doubt, spoken unintentionally and in others purposely. "Charles the Second once said over his bottle that he supposed some stupid peasant would write a nonsensical epitaph on him when he was dead. 'Now,' continued he, 'I should like to have something appropriate and witty. Rochester, let's have a touch of your pen on the subject.' His lordship at once wrote the following, which is so true that it has come to be remembered as the character of that king:

'Here lies our sovereign lord, the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.'

The celebrated epitaph by Goldsmith upon Burke is a good specimen of this species of wit, and is so often quoted that Burke's character is now commonly considered to have been exactly such as Goldsmith describes it. It is unnecessary to quote more than the two lines which contain the wit:

"Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And gave up to party what was meant for mankind."

Lord Bacon mentions an anecdote of Queen Elizabeth as though he himself had heard it in the first instance. "It was the practice of this queen to bestow favors very slowly, and hence Burleigh one day said to her, 'Madam, you do well to let suitors wait, for, as I shall tell you, *bis dat qui cito dat*—he gives twice who gives quickly—if you give them their requests quickly they will ask again all the sooner, and you will be compelled to give twice.'" But among the best of Lord Bacon's collection is the following: "A king of Hungary took a bishop in battle and kept him as a prisoner. The Pope wrote, telling him he had abused the privilege of the Church and taken his *son*. The king sent an embassy to Rome with the coat of mail wherein the bishop had been taken, and this only in writing, quoting from the Vulgate: '*Vide num haec sit vestis filii tui?*—see if this be the coat of thy son?'"

But here it is high time to end. Yet one remark ought to be made, that it is only a spurious and profitless sort of wit which builds its reputation on quoting and turning aside the words or the ideas of Scripture. This was very common years ago, and happily it has now nearly gone out of fashion, and every right-minded man can not fail heartily to rejoice in such a reformation. The truth is our Heavenly Father has not given to man such a noble faculty as that which perceives beauty, nor such a graceful power as the ability to draw forth the analogies of wit, for a purpose so injurious to mankind as that of bringing sacred things into ridicule. But when wit acts upon legitimate objects to, please, to amuse, and to make us ashamed of our follies, it is among the best of gifts, and should be cultivated, only, however, in subordination to truth, religion, justice, and friendship. Then will wit be worthy of the encomium of the great poet placed at the head of this article, and be worthy of the remembrance of mankind forever.

BURIED TALENT.

THERE is in almost every Church a great amount of talent, which can only be developed and devoted to religious uses by the most searching revivals of religion. Some large and wealthy Churches are very weak, because the talents of their members have been rolled up in a napkin and hid in the earth, while some small and poor Churches are very strong, because the talents of all their members are in use, and are thereby constantly gaining other talents.

TO CHINA BY WAY OF THE CAPE.

BY REV. E. S. MACLAY.

A VOYAGE to China! What think you, Mr. Editor, of such a topic for an article in the "Ladies' Repository?" I know, indeed, that in these days it is the habit of travelers beyond seas to eschew all reference to the outward-bound passage, and, in the main, I am not disposed to doubt the propriety of this course. I concede further that, at least to some of your readers, the topic may not possess the charm of novelty, and that it is utterly wanting in the essential elements of a sensation article. That day has passed long since, when Columbus turned westward the prow of his little fleet to find a shorter route to China—the far-famed "Kathay" of early travelers to the East, or when the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by the enterprising Portuguese navigator inflamed the commercial spirit of Europe, and transferred the great carrying trade of the Orient from the caravans and steppes of Central Asia to the swift ships of the West, and the heaving billows of the great oceans.

And yet, Mr. Editor, the subject, after all these concessions, will possess a degree of interest for some of your large circle of readers. The United States enjoys a vast, lucrative, and growing commerce with the far East, and the recent opening up of China and Japan to intercourse with foreign countries has furnished facilities for its unlimited expansion. The wonderful improvements, too, of modern times in steam navigation, and in postal or rather electrical communication between distant portions of the human family, now bring us into direct and constant intercourse with the people of those old lands, while the successful prosecution of Protestant Christian missions among them is stimulating the faith and zeal of the Church for their conversion to the benign teachings of Christianity. Our own beloved Church has a vigorous and prosperous mission operating in Fuh-Chau, the capital of the Fuhkien province in China, and the missionaries sent forth by the Church into that field represent a large portion of the territory of the United States, from the Peninsula of Michigan to the Capes of Delaware, and from the granite hills of New Hampshire almost to the "father of waters," while the missions in China from other Christian Churches of the United States represent all parts of the great Republic, East, South, West, and North.

In the China trade there are no passenger ships similar to those immense hulks which ply between New York and Liverpool. The

great thoroughfare of travel between the United States and China is the "overland" route by way of England, Egypt, Ceylon, etc. The United States mails for the East are forwarded by this route, and it is selected by all those passengers to whom a month or six weeks of time is of more consequence than the increased expense—say \$400—by this line. For a first-class passage by way of the Cape to China the charge is \$300 for a single passenger, or \$250 where there is a party, as of missionaries sent out by one society. Fleetness and carrying capacity are characteristics of the China clippers. These are the great points aimed at in their construction, and but little regard is had to any large provision for the accommodation of passengers. Few of these ships can take more than eight or ten passengers, and, indeed, many of them are almost destitute of any provision of this kind. The ships, however, are generally first-class vessels, substantially built, well found, and swift, commanded by capable officers, and finished in good style. It would be difficult indeed to find any where finer ships or more competent commanders than those employed in the China trade of the United States.

The preliminaries of a voyage to China are easily arranged. The passage is secured through the consignees of the vessel you select, and the passage money paid in advance. Having arranged for your passage and selected your state-room, then, as soon as the ship is ready, send on board all the goods you do not wish to use during the passage. When the time is definitely fixed for the ship's sailing, see to it that you are on board at least half an hour beforehand. Once on board, give your first attention to the arrangement of your state-room and the stowing of your personal baggage, being careful to place the latter where you can have access to it during the voyage, and to secure it, so that it shall not be tossed about when the ship gets out to sea. Having completed these arrangements to your satisfaction, then give attention to the friends who may have come to see you off, taking care to keep as much as possible in the fresh air. Looking about the vessel a scene of apparent confusion meets the eye. The wharf along side is crowded with interested spectators sandwiched between bales, casks, trunks, and the *et ceteras* of a ship's cargo. A constant stream of human beings is passing over the ship's side communicating with the wharf; portions of unstowed cargo are scattered about the decks in apparent disorder; officers and men are hurriedly arranging matters for going to sea, while above the

din of even their voices occasionally burst forth the spasmodic chorus of ducks, geese, pigs, and other live stock, which make up a part of a ship's sea-stores. Aft the mainmast and on the quarter-deck are gathered little groups of passengers with their friends. Some of them look anxious and careworn, some appear to be full of joyous emotions, venting their exuberant feelings in frequent bursts of laughter, while others shrink from publicity, and aside, in subdued accents, whisper their last expressions of affectionate regard, their moistened eyes and quivering lips revealing the suppressed conflict within. But the time is up. "All aboard" is shouted from the quarter-deck. Then come abrupt partings, hurried graspings of the hand, tearful valedictions, and the precipitate retreat of shore friends over the ship's rail. "Cast off" is the next order, and then, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and successive cheers from loved ones, the ship, in tow of a steamer, swings out into the stream and begins to move down the Bay.

Let us now glance for a moment at the beautiful vessel on which we have embarked. The "Kathay," as she is appropriately named, is a finely-modeled ship of some fifteen hundred tons, very strongly built, handsomely finished, and combining in a remarkable degree great carrying capacity with a high rate of speed. She is, in fact, one of the best specimens of naval architecture now afloat. Her commander, T. C. Stoddard, Esq., is an efficient officer, strict in discipline and courteous to his passengers. He might, indeed, be called the Nestor of the American-China trade, as he has doubled the Cape of Good Hope forty-nine times. The "Kathay" has twenty-seven passengers for the present voyage, comprising fifteen adults, eight children, and four Chinese, and representing the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, and perhaps some others. Ecclesiastically, they represent the Methodist, Presbyterian, Reformed Dutch, Episcopal, and Unitarian Churches. A party of friends accompany us down the Bay, and with them, in the appropriate exercises of Christian worship and social intercourse, we spend the few brief hours that yet remain to us of contact with father-land. The recollection of those hours will not quickly pass from my mind. How swiftly the minutes pass! Already we have the Bay and the Narrows behind us; there on the weather beam is Sandy Hook, while before us and away to the eastern horizon stretches the broad expanse of waters. And now the last "farewell" must be spoken. The pilot prepares to leave the ship, the steamer

comes along side, our friends jump on board, and are soon steaming back to New York, while the good "Kathay" spreads her canvass to the breeze and strikes out boldly into the broad ocean. It was a quarter past nine o'clock on the morning of June 1, 1861, when we cast off from the wharf at New York, and now, at about three o'clock, P. M., of the same day, we give our last good-by to friends, and shortly after take our last look at the shores of our native land.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep."

A fine sentiment, sure enough, but I can assure you that, however sweetly those words may sound when, thrilling with melody, they fall on the ear through the soft moonlight, they are utterly destitute of sweetness to the unfortunate sufferers who are making their first attempts at sea life. In the present instance the "Kathay" had scarcely begun to feel her canvas when suddenly a kind of Manassas Junction panic seemed to seize the passengers. As might be expected the militia were foremost in the stampede, while the tough old "regulars" looked on with an amused air of astonishment or commiseration. Seasickness is the most thoroughly-agrarianizing ordeal I have ever experienced. Not satisfied with reducing its victims to a common level of unutterable loathing and misery, it seems actually to dehumanize them, leaving to them only an animal existence. Few persons escape this ordeal on going to sea for the first time, and terrible though it is, I do not consider that it is at all desirable to prevent it or escape from it. As a hygienic prescription, it is a perfect antidote for homesickness and for all those gastric derangements consequent on the too frequent over-indulgence during the few days preceding embarkation. I have no prescription to offer for the prevention of seasickness, for in most cases you might as well try to stop at mid-leap the mighty plunge of Niagara as to check the approach of this unwelcome visitor. The following directions I have found useful in my own case, and I give them to the reader for what they are worth: 1. Eat sparingly of plain food for some days before embarking. 2. On the day of embarkation, and for two or three successive days, continue as far as practicable the same regimen. Avoid going to the table at meal-time, and eat frequently small quantities of dry biscuit, or something of this kind. 3. Keep in the open air as much as possible, take exercise, determine to be cheerful, and keep your mind employed on pleasant topics. Re-

member, I do not say these directions, if faithfully observed, will *prevent* sickness; they will, however, modify its severity, and in my own case they once kept it off entirely.

While in this didactic vein let me state, for the benefit of my readers, some of the rules to which passengers are expected to conform while on board ship: 1. The cabin, quarter-deck, and the main-deck abaft the mainmast are for the use of the passengers. 2. On the quarter-deck the weather side is always yielded to the captain or to the first officer when in charge of the deck. This does not prevent passengers from using this side of the quarter-deck in fine weather, but in rough weather, when there is generally much work to do, passengers will do well to give the captain and officers full possession of it. 3. Passengers should not speak to any of the sailors while on duty; this is particularly to be observed in the case of the man at the wheel, conversation with whom by any one, save the captain or officer in charge, is strictly forbidden. If you wish to converse with the men while off duty first obtain the captain's permission to this effect, and with regard to any arrangements you may desire for social and public worship, first consult with the captain, and always defer to his judgment and wishes in the premises. Finally, in all your intercourse with the officers of the ship treat them with the utmost respect and courtesy, especially in presence of the sailors. However trivial these directions may at first sight appear, be assured that on shipboard they are of the first importance. Attention to them will contribute largely to the comfort of the voyage, while disregard of them will most certainly lead to unpleasant consequences. And now, with this brief introduction to sea-life, let us continue our voyage.

The track generally followed by the China-bound ships may be readily indicated on the map, and the reader, I think, will be amused with its zigzag character. Starting from New York, instead of sailing directly for the Cape of Good Hope, the ship makes an almost due east course till it comes within a few days' sail of the coast of Africa near the latitude of the Cape de Verde Islands. Here the course is changed, and the ship now stands away to the southward for the equator, or the line, as it is called on shipboard, the object being to cross the line as far to the eastward as the prevailing winds will allow. The 25th parallel of longitude east from Greenwich is by many navigators considered the best position for crossing the line. Having crossed the line the ship keeps on her course, making all the southing

she can, though the winds generally drive her close on to the South American coast. Still heading southward, the ship works her way along the South American coast till she reaches the 38th or 40th degree of south latitude. Having reached this position, the captain lays a due east course, and stands away for two small islands in the Indian Ocean, one named St. Paul's, the other Amsterdam, and situated within sixty miles of each other. From this point there are two tracks for China-bound ships—the one for the north-east monsoon, the other for the south-west monsoon off the coast of China. From May till October the south-west wind prevails in Chinese waters, and at this season ships steer from St. Paul's for the Straits of Sunda between the islands of Java and Sumatra. Passing through this Strait they stand directly for the coast of China. From October till the last of April the north-east winds prevail, and during this season ships take what is called the eastern passage, that is, well to the eastward in the East Indian Archipelago, through the Moluccas, or Spice Isles, and east of the Philippine Islands, coming on the Chinese coast to the south of the Island of Formosa. Thus, in order to reach the Cape of Good Hope from New York, it is necessary to cross the Atlantic Ocean three times—once from the United States to Africa, second from the coast of Africa to the coast of South America, and thence back again to double the Cape. After passing this point you then have a straight course to China.

The winds of these great oceans constitute a most interesting branch of study. Navigators have found that our great oceans within the tropics are belted by atmospheric rivers, or fixed air currents, whose positions are as definitely settled and whose operations are as intelligible as those of the rivers of water that girdle our globe. The general direction of these currents is from north-east to south-west in the latitudes north of the equator, and from south-east to north-west south of the equator. The winds in these currents are called the "trades," probably from *traduco*, to lead. North of the equator they are called north-east trades, and south of it they are known as the south-east trades. Oceanic winds admit of classification. We have, 1. The *trades*, described above. 2. *Monsoons*, or winds which blow steadily from one point during one season of the year, and from another point during the following season. Of these winds those on the coast of India and China are best known to navigators. 3. *Variable winds*, prevailing in the temperate zones, where they blow sometimes for weeks from one point, and then veer round to other points.

4. *Doldrums*, or baffling winds, which prevail on the equator, and near the lines of the tropics. Lastly, if you will excuse the Hibernicism, we have *calms*—those nautical nightmares more terrible to skippers than the stunning gale. These occur in all parts of the ocean outside of the trade belts.

We are now prepared to appreciate in some degree the leading characteristics of a voyage to China. Leaving New York, the navigator works his way, through variable winds, eastward well over to the African coast. Thence, passing southward, he takes the north-east trades in the vicinity of the Tropic of Cancer, and carries them with him to within some six degrees of the line. Here he enters the doldrum region—a perfect "Slough of Despond" to the mariner. Crawling slowly through this belt of drenching rains, light baffling airs and calms, he finally meets the south-east trades near the line, and then runs, close-hauled on the wind, along the coast of South America. This wind brings him near to the parallel of the southern tropic, and here he again enters the region of variable winds. The great object now is to make southing, and every wind leading in that direction is most carefully used. Sometimes this is the most tedious and disheartening part of the voyage. Head winds and calms detain the vessel for weeks, and the heart grows sick with successive disappointments; but all the while the ship is gradually working southward, and in due time reaches the 38th or 40th degree of south latitude. Here southerly and westerly winds are expected, and crowding on his canvas the captain steers due east for St. Paul's, distant some twenty-five hundred miles. This part of the voyage is almost invariably gone over very rapidly, the ship averaging from two to three hundred miles a day. Having reached the longitude of St. Paul's, the captain turns his bow northward, and lays his course either for Java Head or the eastern passage, and thence for the coast of China.

The time required for the passage to China varies with the sailing qualities of the ships and with the skill of the commanders. A fast sailing vessel, during the south-west monsoon on the coast of China, ought to make the run in one hundred days. From New York to the line twenty-five days is considered a good run, thence to the Cape about thirty days, thence to St. Paul's fourteen days, thence to Java Head—Straits of Sunda—fourteen days, and thence seventeen days to Hong-Kong.

Passengers for China, by way of the Cape, generally sail from New York in March or April of the Spring season, or in October of

the Fall season. These are considered the best months for commencing the voyage to China. Ships, however, are clearing for China all through the year, and some persons prefer to start when it suits their business arrangements, hence it happens that almost every month of the year witnesses the departure of passengers for China.

Sea voyages are not ordinarily of a very exciting character, and the voyage to China, perhaps, surpasses all others in its monotony and tediousness. The programme of our daily life on board the *Kathay* was as follows: Breakfast at 8½, A. M.; prayers at 9½; dinner at 2, P. M., and tea at 6, P. M. Our public religious services consisted of preaching on deck every Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, and prayer meeting in the cabin on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. These services were well attended, and proved interesting and profitable. Throughout the entire passage the passengers were on terms of the most cordial and familiar intercourse. Reading, writing, conversation, and amusements peculiar to ship life, filled up our time and contributed largely to relieve the tedium of the voyage.

The incidents of our voyage were of the most placid character. We crossed the Gulf Stream and storm belt of the Atlantic without any bad weather. We saw flying-fish, dolphins, porpoises, blackfish, one shark, and an occasional whale in the distance. Sea-gulls, Mother Carey's chickens, Molly Mogs, stormy petrels, cape pigeons, cape hens, and albatrosses hovered around our ship as we passed through their respective latitudes. We frequently sighted vessels in the Atlantic, and during a calm on one occasion we produced considerable excitement by writing letters for home friends, and sending them on board an English ship bound for Valparaiso, which lay near us. The Fourth of July was celebrated with appropriate exercises and great enthusiasm off the coast of South America. A national salute was fired, a sumptuous repast was spread on the main-deck under a brilliant canopy, gemmed with the stars of our country's flag, patriotic speeches were delivered, and the day given up to such amusements as could be extemporized on shipboard.

Eighty-three days after leaving New York we sighted Java Head, the entrance to the Straits of Sunda. This was our first distinct view of land during the passage, and the sight of it filled our hearts with the most grateful joy. Next morning, August 24, 1861, we dropped anchor off Anjer, a Dutch station at the northern end of the Strait, and enjoyed the luxury of an hour's ramble among the beauti-

ful scenery and marvelous vegetation of that tropical clime. The following morning we were again under way, and sailing up through the Java and China Seas, we landed at Amoy on the 10th of September, 1861, and were cordially welcomed by our missionary friends. A few days' enjoyment of their generous hospitality refreshed our spirits after the long voyage, and on the 17th of September we took the English steamer for Fuh-Chau. September 19, 1861, we steamed up the beautiful river Min, and landed at Fuh-Chau City, the head-quarters of the Methodist Episcopal mission in China.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

LIBBY NEAL was going on a journey, and her little heart was so full of happiness that she could hardly eat or sleep. It was not like going to spend the day at grandma's, or even a week at aunt Ellen's in the city; but this was to be a long journey of more than a thousand miles, by railroad and steamboat. She would see great cities that she had studied about in her geography at school, and she climbed upon the table in the hall and put her fingers on the little black dots on the map, and tried to make it seem that they were really cities, where people lived. While she was thinking about it her uncle Roger came into the hall and put his arms around Libby, saying,

"What is my birdie studying about now?"

"O! about my journey, uncle Roger," said Libby, "and how queer it is that I shall really see all those great rivers, and cities, and mountains. Uncle Roger, what do you think will be the very prettiest thing I shall see in all the way?"

"I can't tell what you will think the prettiest," said her uncle. "You will see the great Lakes and Niagara Falls, and those will be very grand; and you will see the beautiful valleys and mountains in Pennsylvania, and a great many splendid buildings every-where. And you will see beautiful people—I always do when I travel—lovely women and charming little children; but I can tell you, Libby, what will be the *saddest* thing you will see."

"I did not think of seeing any thing sad, uncle. It seems as if when I travel I should find only happy people."

"You will find sorrow every-where, birdie; but when one travels by railroad or steamboat he

will be sure to see sights that will make his heart ache. Poor little, ignorant, neglected children, not much better than the heathen you read about in your Sunday school books! You will see them at all the stations, and on the wharves and steamboat landings, and they will come into the cars with fruit and candies to sell. Now, if I was little Libby Neal, and going on a long journey, I would try to think of some way to do good to some of these children. I would call it a missionary tour among the heathen."

"But, uncle," said Libby, "I have only got one little gold dollar, and I can't do much with that; besides, we shall keep going and going all the time till we get to uncle Robert's, so papa says."

"You do n't quite understand me, Libby," said uncle Roger; "do you remember that beautiful flower that cousin Alice showed us when we were there last Summer?"

"O yes, uncle Roger; and was n't it so funny the way it was planted! She said she supposed some bird' dropped the seed there, and so she calls it her bird-flower."

"Well, Libby," said her uncle, "if you should take some of those beautiful little picture cards and papers that you get at Sunday school, and scatter them along the way as you travel, and give them to the poor little children you meet, I think you would be like that little bird, sowing good seed as you fly along; and who knows but some of it might take root and grow?"

Uncle Roger kissed Libby and went away to his office, but Libby thought all day of what he had said to her. She did not say any thing to any one about it, but she went to the closet where her playthings were kept, and looked over all her little books and papers, and laid out a pile of the cards and papers that she thought prettiest; and when they started on the journey at last, the little bundle was carefully packed away in the pretty willow traveling-basket that uncle Roger had bought for her. While they were waiting at the depot for the cars, a little lame boy came in with a basket of oranges to sell. Libby knew him very well; he was "lame Jim," as the children called him, who lived with his old grandmother, and sold fruit for a living. Libby thought of her papers, but then she thought "that is only lame Jim; I know him just as well as can be, and I can give him a paper some other time. Besides, Bridget says it was he who stole all our nice pears; the little thief." But when Libby peeped into her basket, just to see how nicely it held the sponge-cakes and biscuits that were put up for her lunch, she saw the card that uncle Roger

had fastened on the cover, and this was what it said, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

"That means," thought Libby, "that I must do good every single chance I get." So she took out one of her cards that had a beautiful picture of a shepherd and his lambs on it, and some verses from the Bible, and a little hymn. She was afraid to give it to Jim, so she just slipped it into his basket as he went by her. In a few moments the cars came thundering along, and Libby forgot lame Jim and every thing else in the pleasure of riding so swiftly through the beautiful country, and seeing so many wonderful things from the 'car window. Sometimes it was great gray rocks, piled up high above their heads, or grand old forests, all blazing with crimson and gold where the frosts had painted the leaves. Then they would go whirling past a lonely farm-house, or stop for a moment in some pretty little village. Just about noon they began to pass very slowly over a long bridge, built across a deep ravine. Libby looked from the window, and away down below her she could see a little brook looking like a silver thread, and a brown cottage with blue smoke curling up from the chimney. Two little children stood near it looking up at the cars. Libby's hand went into her basket very quickly, and in an instant one of the Sunday school papers was fluttering down through the air, and she saw the children running to pick it up.

"Did n't you lose something out of the window, little girl?" said an old man who sat on the next seat.

"No, sir," said Libby, very much frightened to find somebody had seen her, though she could not tell why. As she looked shyly round at the old gentleman, she noticed that he held upon his lap a little boy who seemed to be seven or eight years old, with a black shawl thrown all over his head and face. He sat very still, with his head resting against the old man's bosom, only once in a while he would ask, "What do you see now, grandpa?" and his grandfather would tell him what he saw from the car windows. Libby wondered very much why the little boy had his head covered up, and why he did not look out and see for himself. When the old gentleman noticed her he said very pleasantly, "Are you wondering about my little boy here?"

"Yes, sir," said Libby; "is he sick?"

"No," said he, "but he has just had a very painful operation performed on his eyes, and we have to keep the light away from them."

"How hard it must be," said Libby, "to be shut up in the dark so!"

"It would be very hard for you," said the old man, "but this little fellow does not know the difference. He has been in the dark all his lifetime, for he was born blind. But I took him last week to a very skillful man, who cut something away from his eyes, so that now he can see, and I am carrying him home again to his mother. Only think, he never saw his dear mother," and the tears came into the old man's eyes and dropped down on the boy's head. Libby felt like crying too; but in a moment her face brightened up, and she looked at the old man with such a happy smile that he asked, "What is it, dear?"

"Why," said Libby, hesitating a little, "I was thinking about the blind man that Jesus cured; the one that sat by the wayside begging, I mean. Do you know about Jesus, sir?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I know about Jesus; and little Willy here knows about him too, do n't you, Willy?"

"Yes, grandpa," said a sweet little voice from under the shawl, "Jesus is the tender Shepherd that carries the lambs in his bosom."

They were just coming into a pretty village, and as the cars stopped the old man took little Willy in his arms and passed out, nodding a pleasant good-by to Libby. I can not tell you now any more about Libby's journey; but before she got to her uncle's home she had given away all her little books and papers. It was good seed sown by the way, but Libby never knew whether any of it took root. But one day, while she was at uncle Robert's, a long letter came for her from uncle Roger, and this was a part of it:

"You remember 'lame Jim,' who used to sell oranges at the depot. Well, a few days ago he fell between the cars, and was so badly hurt that he can not live. Last night his grandmother sent for me to come and see him, saying he had asked for me several times since he was hurt. The poor boy is very ignorant, but when I sat down by his bedside and began to talk to him he burst into tears, and said he had sent for me because he wanted to learn something about Jesus. And then he went on to tell me how a few weeks ago he found in his basket a little card with a beautiful picture on it, and some verses about the good Shepherd. He had carried it in his pocket ever since, and somehow he said it made him feel uneasy to think how many wicked things he had done, though he never thought much about them before. I have been to see him twice every day, and I hope, Libby, that Jesus has drawn this poor boy to himself, and that lame Jim will soon be a shining angel in heaven."

O, how Libby cried when she read this letter! It was partly sorrow for the poor suffering boy, partly shame that she had felt so unkindly toward him, and partly joy that perhaps after all the little seed she had sown in his heart would "bring forth fruit unto eternal life."

Libby Neal has taken many a journey since then, but she never forgot that pleasant Autumn, or the lessons of wisdom she learned then, and the little traveling-basket is treasured yet, with the card still on the cover—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

TRUTH.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

To act the truth and speak the truth,
However rough the way;
To love the truth, live for the truth,
And for the truth to pray—
This is the sum of lessons good,
From youth to manhood's day.

We can not reach the mountain-top
And leave the clouds below,
Unless with firm and careful step
Up craggy steeps we go,
And ever on the upward way
Our earnest thoughts bestow.

If we shall choose the meadow path,
And only search for flowers,
And waste, not strengthen, day by day,
The mind's most lofty powers;
Then Truth will tell sublimest things
To other ears than ours.

As sometimes in the dungeon's gloom
The brightest eyes grow blind,
If we shall walk in smoother paths
Than Wisdom has designed,
Our mental vision may be lost,
As sight to men confined.

As men have learned to trace the course
Of planets in the skies,
So Truth is plain to searching hearts,
And walks without disguise,
And like an open book is read
By all the truly wise.

Yet seeking gain or fearing pain,
How oft we walk below
The paths up which with dauntless step
We ever ought to go—
The paths that lead to glory's hight,
Tho' the advance be slow!

We know the world is poor in love,
The world is full of pride,
But perfect truth can turn our steps
From evil ways aside,
And to the gates of paradise
Our weary feet can guide.

SOCIAL FRICTION.

BY MRS. BITHIA B. LEAVITT.

[CONCLUDED.]

LIKE a dew-drop in the lily, or a pearl in its shell, or a bird's nest in a shrub, or a sweet little baby in its cradle, nestled down among the hills the village of Carrow. Bubbling jets sparkled on its declivities, deep ravines diversified its vales, noble trees composed its woods, and here and there, as the foliage would admit, a fine stream of water reflected a golden or silvery surface as King of Day or Queen of Night swayed the scepter. From this grassy knoll or the summit of that hill could be seen fine fields of different grains, comfortable and well-built farm-houses of the country gentry, the well-trained hedges and smooth lawns, evincing alike taste and neatness. As the stage-coach—for it was before the undignified rush and confusion of railroads and omnibuses—as the stage-coach rolled away with majestic importance into the village, a lady thrust her head through the window, exclaiming to a gentleman at her side, "O, look what a lovely place! This will suit us I am sure—the very place, and see what a lovely situation that is over there; it could not be more lovely," and, entirely regardless of the smiles her ardor raised from the travelers, she went on commenting upon the various residences they passed till the coachman, with a tremendously-pompous flourish of his whip, brought the horses up before the door of the only hotel of the village.

To give the reader a trifling item of the cultivated taste of the *landlady*, I suppose it was, for the landlord, being a man, could hardly have been suspected of the extravagance of so much time and paint, there was a most fantastic mixture of colors on doors and shutters, and, as the evening sun stared most saucily at the whole front face of the building, it was no wonder the glare of light caused the vail to descend over eyes accustomed to soft, shadowy rays mellowed through damask and lace. However, Mrs. Claremont, for she was the lady, had no fault to find if people chose red instead of green, and flaunting yellow in place of gentle brown; neither cared she that the great square, awkward brick house stood out in bold relief, unshaded by a tree, or unadorned by shrub or flower. It was sufficiently evident that the owner of that building intended it to be *seen*, and, to tell the whole truth, when the hard-earned and carefully-secreted dollars had been invested a few years back in this huge mass of brick and mortar, it was considered a very public-spirited act; in-

deed, the country people stared, and the "towns" people approved the whole of it as a rare specimen of architectural magnificence. But recently another class, more highly educated, and with altogether a different standard of taste, had discovered the beauties of Carrow, and built their villas in and around, and they regarded the stripes, and colors, and rude ornaments very much as modern ladies would the miserably-awkward figures embroidered on the Bayeaux tapestry.

But, as I said, Mrs. Claremont cared for none of this. Indeed, so complying was her temper that, upon retiring for the night, she essayed by mounting a chair to scale the heights and fathom the depths of a formidable feather bed, and was only vanquished in the effort by the imminent danger of having respiration stopped. Finally all fatigue, and a kind of glaring up and down of prismatic hues, vanished in refreshing slumbers, and Mrs. Claremont arose in the morning eager to reconnoiter the village. To her perfect delight her husband ascertained he could lease the very cottage she had so enthusiastically admired on her entrance to the place, and, without unnecessary delay, Mr. and Mrs. Claremont with their family were installed in their new home. Certainly a cultivated taste had presided at "Willow Shade." There were blushing roses, and drooping lilies, and twining honey-suckles, and climbing vines. Sporting minnows and even gold fish glided through the fresh water of a secluded pond, over which hung a magnificent willow that laved its pendent branches and showered its gems around as the breeze wafted them to and fro. It was, as Mrs. Claremont first declared, *a lovely place*, and she expressed her surprise that it had been abandoned. The oft-enacted experience was communicated. The gentle hand that had brought forth these varied charms, guided by an appreciative love of nature, rested in icy coldness, and the husband had escaped from the spot *she* had brightened, and where every tree, and shrub, and vine, together with all interior arrangements, agonized him with a sense of his loss. A lease of five years was given to Mr. Claremont, with the privilege of purchasing at its termination, should he be so disposed. For a long time an invisible but gentle spirit seemed ever to be hovering over the spot, and Mrs. Claremont felt almost responsible to this fancied being to preserve every thing as she found it.

In all the revolutions brought out in history two elements ever seem active in their production—the assumption of the aristocratic power of the higher class; the determined resistance

from submission of the lower class. Behold Mademoiselle Phlippon, the child of comparative poverty, but endowed with a spirit towering above fortune, and constantly nursed in the arms of jealous envy! How the condescension of a titled lady calls the indignant blood to the young cheek! for the soul conscious of an inherent superiority, spurns the tinsel covering of fancied merit, and seeks for *companionship* the noble and gifted. In Madame Roland's *life* we see the development of principles that burned with inextinguishable fury in the breast of the child. The arrogant presumption of the nobles, and the secret, deep-seated envy of the plebeians finally met in one terrible contest; the flood-gates of anarchy were opened and France groaned with the perpetration of unparalleled atrocities. Whence one unobtrusive but generally-acknowledged spring of this fearful revolution? In the gifted but misguided spirit of one who, in her infancy, imbibed the principles of a father, consumed with envy of the elevated in rank, softened it is true by the more amiable traits of a Christian mother, but a spirit that proved, by its own disdain of inferiority and successful aspiring for greatness, the *leveling principle* could never operate beneficially upon society. The same element working so fearfully in the congenial nature of French excitability exists in human nature generally, and lies dormant or starts into action as circumstances may crush or develop it.

It has been said by philosophers that the universe is created with such a nicety of precision that the minutest atom destroyed or misplaced would throw into confusion the multiplied worlds of space. But while God is perfect in all his creations, wherever man's nature operates there is friction. To return to our story after this little episode. Mr. and Mrs. Claremont had retired to a pretty town where the village people were "unostentatious and of simple habits," beyond the surgings of city life, and they imagined for a time they had secured at least an *earthly* heaven.

"Mamma, are you going out?" inquired Lilia, Mrs. Claremont's youngest child, a little girl of eight years, one evening as she saw her mother arranging her hat before a mirror.

"Yes, dear, why do you ask?"

"Because, I thought you would n't leave us alone; Margaret has gone out."

"Margaret? O no, she knows I have an engagement."

"But she *has* gone, mamma, for I saw her with her bonnet on. I heard her, too, shut the back gate."

"You certainly mistake, daughter; but, to be sure, go and see."

The child soon returned with the information that the kitchen doors were closed, and Margaret not there.

"Well, go to her room and tap at her door. She is there probably."

Lilia obeyed, and again returned, saying she first tapped, but, hearing nothing, opened the door and found the room empty.

"This is very strange," exclaimed Mrs. Claremont, entering the parlor where her husband sat waiting with the delightfully-exemplary patience that gentlemen usually exhibit at such times—"this is *very* strange and most unaccountable. I told Margaret to have tea an hour earlier, that I wished to go out immediately after, and she has hurried her work and gone herself."

"She could n't possibly have understood you. But does she ever go without letting you know?"

"O yes, the servants here go when they please. They seem to think it degrades them to ask permission. But I have been so tormented since we came here with such miserable creatures, I've learned to think nothing of that. Knowing, however, we could not both be away at night, I expressly told Margaret I should be out this evening, and for *her* to go is a most unparalleled piece of effrontery. I shall be obliged to stay at home."

"Wait a few moments, perhaps she will return."

Half an hour passed, and no Margaret appearing, Mrs. Claremont returned to her room to lay aside her hat and cloak, wondering in her mind what Aunt Katy would say to such an exhibition of "Northern sarciness." She had brought two servants with her, but the cook, alarmed lest she should die and "no preast to make it asy," had returned to the city where clustered the privileges of her Church, and Norah, actually becoming dangerously ill, had begged to be allowed to return to her mother, residing some distance. Thus, with some forebodings that Aunt Katy's "awfu' p'rdictions" were about to be realized, Mrs. Claremont sent her coachman to inquire through the village for a cook, in the mean time employing a woman in the neighborhood till she was supplied. For months constant changes occurred, for all she employed seemed perfectly unconscious of their appropriate sphere of duty, and repudiated with great indifference every effort the lady made to enlighten them. Finally Margaret came with the character, "a very plain cook, extremely slow, extremely neat, and extremely faithful."

Mrs. Claremont had been so annoyed that she seized eagerly the last point, and offered high wages to secure so great a prize as a *faithful* servant. Alas, alas! this demonstration of independence and utter disregard of proper deference dashed her hopes to the ground, and in a kind of desperation she fled to a friend for sympathy. Mrs. Burton resided in a pretty little cottage not very far from Mr. Claremont's residence, and quite a friendship had been contracted by the two families, owing partly to the fact that the children were of similar ages, but still more that with Mrs. Burton's society the Claremonts felt more congeniality than with that of more opulent neighbors.

Every thing was pretty about Mrs. Burton. In the first place, she was pretty herself. It is true she was over forty, but withal had pretty cheeks, and pretty eyes, and pretty dark hair, that lay in shining folds over a pretty brow. She had, too, pretty hands, so white and soft you would never imagine the actual work they habitually accomplished. Her parlor was the "prettiest little parlor you ever *did* see," because the pretty taste of its pretty owner arranged its furniture, filled its vases, drooped its curtains, shaded the light. Then her pretty little bedrooms. Nothing could be prettier. Just to peep within the soft curtains that fell so gracefully around the inviting pillows was enough to inspire a delicious languor that could only be dissipated by resting there. Then, too, her flowers, and vines, and roses were all so pretty. And, too, besides all this prettiness, Mrs. Burton had a very pretty way of talking. Now, after *this* introduction the reader would not have been at all astonished if she had been present when Mrs. Claremont disburdened her mind to hear rippling from the pretty rosebud mouth a silvery laugh, for which the lady in trouble could divine no relevancy. Indeed, if the whole truth were told there was something like decided impatience mingled with the surprise that her deep annoyance met with so light-hearted a reception.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Claremont, do you not know that your husband is wealthy?"

"What of that?"

"And do you not know that you are elegant?"

"I was not aware that I was either ostentatiously or disagreeably so," responded the lady with an inquiring smile.

"Well, do you not know that you dress fashionably?"

"What has that to do with servants?"

"And do you not know that you came from a *city*?"

"What can you mean, Mrs. Burton, by asking questions so foreign to the subject? Now, if you should inquire if I gave good wages, if I treated my servants kindly, if I permitted them indulgences even, if you please, and if I did not require too much of them, such questions might be relevant, and I could answer, but—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Burton, and again a pretty little laugh trilled like music along the pretty lips—"but you are too superficial in your views. The question lies far, far back of all that."

"I confess I do not see it. Pray, what more does a servant want than good wages, a comfortable home, and kind treatment? all of which I am sure I give as well as the rest of my family."

"O, you must take a philosophical view of the matter."

"Well, then, to be philosophical, I look upon society as divided. The wealthy dependent upon the poor for the performance of those things for which their taste, and education, and habits incapacitate them, the poor dependent upon the rich for employment, each is suited to his sphere, and if each will only consent to move in the sphere in which Providence places him I think there would be a charming harmony in the different states of society."

"Ah, there is the question. How will you preserve each in his appropriate orbit—the poor especially?"

"I do not know *how*, I only know they ought to be, but I never had any trouble till I came to Carrow. The servants in the city would not think of doing as they do here. My cook aspires to be mistress, my chambermaid lady, and I have sometimes thought they would like to reverse the order to which Christ alludes, and have me gird myself and serve them in preference to following out the order which propriety and deference indicate."

"I did not formerly understand it," said Mrs. Burton, "for I experienced the same scenes through which you have passed, but the observation of a few years makes it plain that village life is very different from that of the city. The people are different, their habits are not alike, their education is upon different principles, and of course when brought into nearer relations to each other a collision of habits and tastes ensues. There is no *fault* on either side, they are not responsible to each other, still there is frequently a most unpleasant friction."

"But the servants here seem to think they are hired to do nothing, or, at least, that the labor is to be equally divided."

"Certainly, as long as the mistress shares her

duties our 'help'"—a merry little twinkle here laughed out of Mrs. Burton's pretty eyes—"feels perfectly satisfied, because *she is on an equality.*"

"Help," ejaculated Mrs. Claremont, "I think that a great misnomer."

"It is a village term," replied her friend laughing, "and if you contemplate adopting village life, the sooner you drop the offensive 'servant' the better for your popularity. It savors too much of city aristocracy—an unpardonable fault in the estimation of our independent villagers."

"I can not see why servants should object to the term. It is constantly used in the Bible, and the most explicit instructions in their respective duties are given to masters and servants."

"Very true, and if all were Christians all their relations would be harmonious. But, my dear Mrs. Claremont, look at the different classes of society as they actually exist. How few comparatively of the wealthy feel an honest interest in the welfare of the poor! such an interest I mean that will prompt them to judiciously instruct and prepare them for useful lives. Ladies particularly might do much toward bringing about a better state of things with their servants. Instead of the tyrannical and haughty manner too frequently manifested because of *position*, how much better to seek by true kindness to reconcile the humble to their humble sphere, not by an improper familiarity raising them above it, but by giving them correct views of life fitting them for it!"

"I believe I have ruined many of my domestics by an over-indulgence," observed Mrs. Claremont.

"That is not a very common error, I fancy, but if extremes meet, as I believe they do generally, too great indulgence probably produces with our servants the same results that, as in the case of children, too great severity does."

For the first time in her life Mrs. Claremont felt a strange conviction that some duty—undefined, yet a *duty*—had not been recognized in her domestic life, and she therefore listened seriously as her friend went on to say, "In the city ladies are too much engrossed with its frivolities and amusements to bestow much attention upon their servants. Hence the extravagance, and waste, and want of principle. Many in the country and villages seem not to understand the true relation that ought to exist between them and those in their employ, and hence this striving for equality and improper independence on the one side and ignoble submission on the other. I know ladies in this

town," continued Mrs. Burton, "who are in absolute bondage to their hired people. If they wish duties performed that the latter from a false view of their own station choose to refuse, they either are obliged to perform these duties themselves or yield the point from the fear their '*help*' will cease their help altogether. Of course they see this want of true independence in the lady, take advantage of it, and virtually rule where it is their proper sphere to be ruled."

"But, taking for granted that servants are willing to be guided by the strict rules of the Bible, it rolls a mighty responsibility upon the master and mistress of the house," suggested Mrs. Claremont seriously.

"I think so," replied Mrs. Burton, while a tear glistened in her eye and then rolled silently down her cheek. "Before my husband's death," continued she with a tremulous lip which told that past joys and comforts were crowding up, "I generally employed from one to three or four domestics. A quick and fiery impatience was my besetting sin, and I am conscious that I often lost valuable service by not possessing the power of self-government. Finding fault from caprice was as frequently the case as from a provocation of real willful negligence."

"I have always realized the necessity of self-government before my children," said Mrs. Claremont. "From the time my oldest was an infant the question has continually been before my mind, how can I govern him unless able to govern myself? Perhaps the elements of self-government are the same in the government of children, servants, an army, or a kingdom. Although I never was inclined to exhibit impatience to my servants, still I confess the whole subject appears in a new and stronger light. I have rather regarded myself as a pattern of a mistress. I now see my views have been vague and superficial. While I have avoided an error in one direction I have committed another of as great magnitude in the opposite. But, my dear Mrs. Burton, how is all this friction and discomfort to be removed? It exists in society at large, runs through all the relations of life—a hydra, that being cut off at one place starts up in a thousand more. Friction, friction! It clouds the wife and makes sullen the husband. It rubs between the will of the child and that of the parent. Partners in business are frequently dissevered by it. Fashionable life is full of it, though in a little different form, and there is seemingly no end to friction in domestic departments. Every household contains its elements. Whence, then, are we to receive the wisdom to meet the difficulty and remove it?"

"Deep down in the human heart I think the principle lies," responded Mrs. Burton, "and I suppose the *heart* must be regenerated fully before this great difficulty in society can be removed. The heart, brought in contact with the Bible, and the Holy Spirit breathing therein, will not only harmonize itself, but in proportion to the number thus brought within its influence will bring the different classes of society upon a harmonious basis, not *abolishing* distinctions, but bringing all to a proper and comfortable adjustment."

As Mrs. Claremont pursued her way home her mind became deeply reflective. She saw in a new light, which her subsequent experience proved to be a true one, the relations that God intended should exist between the classes of society. The responsibilities of the higher, the obligations and duties of the lower, seemed to spread out clearly before her. When conjoined how beautiful and appropriate the sphere of each! When separated how productive of friction and discomfort! She saw, too, that, while weak indulgence was a great injustice, arbitrary sovereignty was an equal error. To combine true and dignified independence with true and tender sympathy that had respect alike to her own and her servant's position, she concluded was the effort her life should maintain. Again she asked herself the question, "Whence the wisdom to meet and overcome the difficulty?" Her well-instructed mind and now aroused conscience could only answer, "From above, which, if any lack, let her ask of God, who giveth to all liberally."

MORNING SUNBEAMS.

BY SARAH B. CLARK.

So you're peeping o'er the mountains,
Bringing in another day,
Painting rainbows round the fountains,
Making diamonds of the spray;
Kissing brows of smiling children
That have just begun their play;
Chasing shadows o'er the meadows,
Spreading gladness all the way.
Ye have shone upon the places
Where my friends and kindred dwell,
Looked in many happy faces
I would love to see so well;
And I hope you've painted roses
Where the lily did abide,
Staid the footsteps that were hast'ning
To the dark and swelling tide.
Ye have passed new graves of loved ones
Ye have never seen before;
They have gained a land so glorious
That they need thy rays no more;

Did ye twine with loving fingers
Wreaths of light around the dell,
Bright'ning up with cheering beauty
Places where they rest so well?
Speed ye on and chase the darkness
That the sky within enshrouds,
Teach us how to catch the sunbeams,
Tho' they struggle through the clouds;
How amid this world of sadness
Beams of love may gently shine,
Till, unbroken by the shadow,
We've a purer light than thine.

NEARER TO LIFE'S WINTER.

BY EMILY J. ADAMS..

NEARER to life's Winter, wife,
We are drawing nearer,
Memories of our blessed Spring
Growing dearer, dearer.
Through the Summer heats we've toiled,
Through the Autumn weather
We have almost passed, sweet wife,
Hand in hand together.
Time was, hearts were, well as feet,
Lighter, I remember;
April's locks of gold are turned
Silver this November,
Flowers are fewer than at first,
And the way grows drearer,
For unto life's Winter, wife,
We are drawing nearer.
Nearer to life's end, sweet wife,
We are drawing nearer,
The last milestone on the way
To our sight grows clearer.
Some whose hands we held grew faint
And lay down to slumber,
Looking backward, we to-day
All their graves may number.
Hights we've sought we've failed to climb,
Fruits we've failed to gather;
But what matter, since we've still
Jesus and each other?
We are weary grown somewhat,
Rest is growing dearer,
But unto the end, sweet wife,
We are drawing nearer.
Nearer to our heavenly home,
We are drawing nearer,
Jordan's solemn tide between
Sounding clearer, clearer.
Flashes from the pearly gates
Brighten it forever,
And we feel the breeze that comes
To convey us over.
Floating o'er the waves we hear
Sweetest music ringing;
Voices loved so long ago
Mingle in the singing.
Earth grows fainter to our view,
Heaven grows clearer, clearer,
For unto its shores, sweet wife,
We are drawing nearer.

JENNY—A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

A RURAL little cottage, though standing in the center of an important town, was the home of Mrs. Henry. But it was a Southern town, the streets of which were paved by deep sand, over which no rattling omnibus nor jingling car was ever driven. The broad, low house, with latticed windows twined with roses, overhanging eaves, and a wide piazza, stood in the "glimmering shade" of ailanthus-trees, interspersed here and there with splendid specimens of live oak. The piazza was overrun with blossoming vines, in which many birds nestled and sang, and the garden adjoining the house was crowded with choice flowers. Among them nothing was more beautiful than the fringe-tree, with its milk-white blossoms, contrasting finely with the golden bells of the yellow jasmin and the coral flowers of the honeysuckle that intertwined themselves in its branches.

The master of this pretty place read his evening letters, while the mistress, a tall and noble-looking woman, twisted the vines round the pillars of the piazza. Occasionally she threw a few crumbs to the happy birds that fluttered round her feet, and now and then spoke a word to little colored Judy, who passed and repassed the piazza with a brimming pail of water on her head, and her arms hanging down at her side. A Northerner would have wondered why the kitchen should have been placed at the extreme corner of the yard so far from the well. Had they done so they would have been answered as Mrs. Henry was when she first came to live at the South—

"Why, bless you, honey, if well close by kitchen what Judy fin' to do?"

Judge Henry finished reading his letters and put up his spectacles.

"Any news?" asked Mrs. Henry.

"My overseer writes me that he has bought an uncommonly fine gang of negroes for Matamuskeet. I'm glad of it, for the estate has never been under proper cultivation."

"Can't you spare me two of them?" asked Mrs. Henry.

"I can if it's necessary, certainly."

"It is necessary. I need a little girl and a woman. Phillis is really good for very little. She must have an assistant."

Judge Henry laughed. "An assistant to keep two bedrooms in order!"

"Yes; it seems ridiculous, but I do n't know how it's to be helped. Phillis never gets through her work in proper time."

"Can't you make her do better?"

"No, indeed I can't. I could do her work, but that would degrade me here. Though my father's family was large, we never kept a chambermaid. Sister Mary and I thought it no hardship to make five beds and keep the rooms in order. But I must n't do it here, and really, George, the fatigue of following Phillis and urging her on is greater labor than doing all her work would be."

"Nevertheless, I protest against ever seeing my wife with broom and duster in hand as long as I am able to furnish her with a servant. If I am so unfortunate as to lose my property we will go to live where work is not thought disgraceful."

Mrs. Henry, a high-minded, sensible Northern woman, did at that moment almost feel that she wished her husband would lose his property. Her Southern life had been a perpetual care, for which her previous ideas of it had not in the least prepared her. When she left her early home, in which economy, generosity, and comfort went hand in hand, she feared that her married life would be too easy a one. She thought a perpetual holiday would not have a good effect upon her character. She had, therefore, many plans for mental improvement marked out. She was fond of study, and would make good use of the leisure that life in a slave State would give her.

Leisure! She had not known the meaning of the word. The perpetual surveillance she had been obliged to exercise over every portion of her household had fairly worn her out. To see that every lock was turned, to weigh out butter, sugar, lard, and flour for each succeeding meal, to count out the eggs, to deal out *middlings* and Indian meal for the negroes' food, to cut their clothes and nurse them in sickness, were tasks of weariness to her. If visitors came in unexpectedly she must leave off entertaining them not only to give directions for their refreshment, but to see that it was not pilfered on the way to the dining-room.

"And this is the lazy Southern life of which we often talk at the North!" she said. "O, with how much more ease could I do the entire work of a family there with the various appliances we have to lighten it!"

She thought of her early home, with its neatness and quiet order, where labor was dignified by the motive that prompted it, and where the daily household task was rapidly and cheerfully performed that some new book might be read together by the assembled family in the evening.

But as Mrs. Henry *must* not work and Phillis

would not, she begged the Judge to give her two more domestics in addition to the four she already had. In the course of a few days two new servants came. The elder, who bore the classic name of Tempe, was a yellow girl with a good countenance, but the younger one was most unpromising in appearance and manner. It afterward came out that Dixon, the overseer, sent her to Mrs. Henry because he could not manage her himself. She was black, and stout, and broad, with small eyes and enormously large lips. Mrs. Henry was disappointed.

"I wanted her to sit by me and sew," she said, "but she's so ugly that she'll frighten my visitors."

"She looks like a swollen toad," he answered.

He was truly sorry for this speech when he saw her come out of a closet near him, where she possibly heard what he said.

Mrs. Henry's favorite sister was named Jenny, and she felt as it was desecrated by being owned and answered to by her unsightly domestic. So that on the first morning that Jenny had doffed her rags and donned her neat new clothes to sit on a little bench at her mistress's feet to learn to sew, Mrs. Henry said,

"I think I'll change your name to Rose, Jenny."

"No, ma'am, I do n't give up my name," she stoutly answered, to Mrs. Henry's surprise.

"Not if I wish it?"

"No, mistress. I've got only one thing to remember my poor mother by, and that's my name. I sha'n't answer to any other."

Mrs. Henry was amused, and much interested in the poor, forlorn child from that moment. She said,

"You shall keep it then if you like, but you should speak more civilly to me."

Tempe was passing through the room at the time, and she told the other servants the story of Jenny's impudence and "missus's patience." As Jenny was no favorite with them, they all agreed that she deserved a good whipping for "holdin' on to Jenny when missus wanted it Rose," while the cook thought Rose was too good a name for "such a black nigger as she."

Jenny did contrive to make herself disliked by every person about the house save Mrs. Henry, whose interest in her never abated, and who was uniformly kind and forbearing with her. Most of Jenny's time was spent in darning stockings in her mistress's room. In those days only silk stockings of a light texture were worn by well-dressed ladies, and it consequently required much time to keep them in order. So Jenny sat on a low stool, apparently wrapped

up in her own meditations, and darned stockings all day long.

One day there was to be a sailing-party and a picnic on the bank of the river a few miles from the town. Each family that went contributed their share of servants and refreshments. All wondered when Mrs. Henry selected Jenny for her maid in preference of a more experienced servant. Cook thought that Martin, who was the regular waiter, would be taken by missus sure and certain. He was such a genteel person, she said. But if not Martin, she thought Becky, who sometimes stood in his place, would have the next chance.

"But for missus to take that black toad for waiter!" and here cook lifted up her hands, and all around her joined in a loud and scornful laugh, while one ventured to add that "Norren folks was n't like Sourren ladies no how."

It was Mrs. Henry's kind feelings that led her to take Jenny on the excursion. She had drawn her sad story from her almost without her own knowledge, for Jenny was very uncommunicative. She had never known her father, but she had worked in the field beside her mother ever since she had been large enough to labor at all. She had been torn from her, however, when the gang which was sent to Matuskeet was gathered together.

"Nobody else ever loved me," she said to Mrs. Henry, "and," she added in a sullen and defiant manner, "I left her screaming after me, and the overseer beating her to make her hold her tongue. I s'pose she died. I wish I had."

"O, Jenny, it's wicked to talk so," said Mrs. Henry.

"If we do wicked things who's to blame for it? No body ever told us to be good."

"But you know what is right and wrong, Jenny, for you have far more intelligence than the generality of your people."

"It came of itself, then," she answered, "for I never had any teaching."

Yet Jenny was evidently pleased that Mrs. Henry had discovered her superiority. It was always a mystery to her mistress how she had learned to use such good language. She never had any of the negro idiom from the first.

It was the day after this that the picnic was planned, and Jenny was told that she should have the charge of her mistress's part of the entertainment. She exerted herself in a quiet way, and soon had every thing arranged in beautiful order, although many hinderances were thrown in her way by the jealousy of the servants. In the grove she was silent, forming no acquaintance with the other waiters, but very watchful for the comfort of her mistress.

She had divined the kind feeling that had led Mrs. Henry to take her on the excursion in place of a more accomplished servant.

On their return they were overtaken by a sudden and violent storm, which capsized the vessel. They were in great danger, and were only saved from death by some small boats which pushed from the shore and rescued them. There was hurry and great confusion, with the usual amount of selfishness so often shown in such situations.

But there Mrs. Henry's noble nature was conspicuous. She and Jenny were the last of the rescued ones. When the sailor reached Mrs. Henry she pointed to Jenny, who was in a more perilous situation than herself, clinging to a part of the vessel which still remained above the water, but almost exhausted by her exertions.

"Take her," she said, "she is losing her hold. I will follow you."

Mrs. Henry never knew whether or not Jenny was conscious of owing her life to her. But from that hour her affection for her mistress became an exclusive passion of her nature. It was like the devotion and watchful care of a faithful dog, expressed by actions alone. Mrs. Henry's whole life became changed by the knowledge that she had one servant whom she could trust with keys, purse, and wardrobe.

But in proportion as she was trusted by the mistress she was disliked by the servants. Every speculation was discovered by her, and no imposition on Mrs. Henry's kindness allowed. Her comfort became the study of Jenny's life. At that time the law which prohibits owners from teaching slaves to read was not strictly enforced, if, indeed, it existed at all. Mrs. Henry felt that the only return she could make Jenny was to teach her to read. She learned rapidly, and after that the companionship she never had among her own kind she found in books. But they did not add to her happiness. She became more moody than ever.

"It does not do for them to read," said a friend of Mrs. Henry's who was visiting her one day. "It only adds to their discontent."

"But," said Mrs. Henry, "I think it's our duty to teach them to read the Bible, and we can't help it if they will get other books."

Mrs. Beale was called a very pious woman; therefore Mrs. Henry's young brother was surprised to hear her answer:

"Painful as the truth is, I find that even reading the Bible makes them discontented and unhappy, and I am reluctantly compelled to deny them that privilege."

Edmund Woolsey laughed.

"I think your words go very much against

your system, ladies. It's something to think of if it and the Bible can't go together."

Mrs. Henry had her own thoughts, but did not think it prudent to express them; but Mrs. Beale began the usual arguments which we have all heard reiterated. It had little effect upon Edmund, who was a cool Northern man. He had had his eyes wide open since he had been on a visit to his sister, and saw the workings of the "Divine institution." He had penetrated into the depths of poor Jenny's character. He saw how slavery had turned its elements to gall, and how the constant sense of oppression made one sullen and repulsive who in other circumstances would have been amiable and attractive. Jenny had lost the disagreeable peculiarities of appearance which hard labor, bad feeding, and disease contracted on an unhealthy plantation had given her. Her form became slender and well-proportioned, and the expression of her face improved. Her needle-work was beautiful. The finest lace could scarcely rival her darning, and Mrs. Henry's young sister thought the pattern of her India muslin dress so improved by it that she gravely proposed tearing a little place beside every sprig for Jenny's needle to adorn.

Strange to say, when Jenny was about seventeen, Jem, Mr. Henry's coachman, fell violently in love with her. It was strange because Jem was a great favorite of prettier and more cheerful girls than Jenny, and she had never tried to make herself agreeable to him. Moreover, he was far inferior to her in mind and information. In short, Jem was a cheerful, self-satisfied, contented slave, in every thing a perfect contrast to Jenny, who brooded forever over the darkness of her lot. For a long time Jenny would not listen to his overtures. But she at length yielded. Women's hearts are made of tender stuff. Love and flattery move them, and Jenny was after a time married to one who was below her both in mental and moral qualities. Jem was very fond and proud of his wife, and his constant kindness and attention seemed to have a favorable influence upon her character. At the end of the year she was the mother of a nice little girl. But the gift was received without gratitude. It is a miserable thing for a slave to reflect.

"O, Jenny, I'm glad you are so well and have such a nice little girl!" said her mistress.

Not a word came from Jenny's lips. She turned away from Mrs. Henry and looked upon the wall.

"Are n't you happy, Jenny?" asked Mrs. Henry, almost dismayed at the blank, cold look she had seen when she first stood by her bed.

"Are n't you glad to have such a fine, healthy child?"

"Why should I be glad? She'll be a slave like her mother."

"Jenny, you really show an ungrateful disposition. Jem do n't feel as you do. He is delighted."

"Jem," she said, turning over and fixing her eyes upon Mrs. Henry, "Jem knows no better. He never looks ahead of the present."

"Jenny, you know that we shall always take the kindest care of you and your child. Do n't make yourself so unhappy and disagreeable," said Mrs. Henry, beginning to feel really hurt.

"I know you will, mistress. You've always been kinder to me than I deserve; but if you die, what then?"

Mrs. Henry could not answer the "what then." She said,

"It's not worth while to dwell upon that thought, Jenny. No doubt you and your child will be provided for, at any rate."

At the end of four years Jenny had three children. Death had separated her from her kind mistress, and sin worse than death had parted her from her husband. He had been guilty of some misdemeanor, for which at a high price he was sold to the extreme South. His wife begged to accompany him in vain, and after he was gone a hopeless sorrow settled down upon her. The death of her mistress had been a terrible blow. She had watched and tended her in her illness with the affection of a daughter. She forgot her own baby sometimes in her deep devotion to her benefactress's wants. When she was gone her look of woe and despair was really appalling. Judge Henry could not bear to see her. Her mistress's room was closed, but not till Jenny had visited it, and, with sobs and tears, put every thing its owner had loved in the most perfect order. She had not wept before since the trial came. For the time those tears appeared to have saved her life or reason. After that she went about her usual duties faithfully, though with a sad and desponding air. But a still more terrible sorrow was the knowledge of her husband's fault. A sense of disgrace and of wounded trust accompanied her pity for him, and her grief at being separated from him.

When he was gone she sat with her eyes fastened on her three children for hours at a time. Nothing roused her. At last one day as she sat sewing on the piazza her master passed, and for the first time in some weeks she spoke to him. He stopped.

"Master, when I am gone who'll have my children?"

"Your children will be given to my three nieces. That was the understanding between your mistress and myself."

She seemed choking with suppressed feeling.

"Then they'll each have separate masters."

"No, on the contrary, they'll all be together."

"Yes, master, till the young ladies marry, which they'll be sure to do. But no matter, it's all one. I never expected any thing else. Poor little slaves!"

Judge Henry's wrath was roused, but one look at Jenny softened him. He saw that about her which told him that she was rapidly passing away from the bondage of earth. He left her without speaking.

From that time she failed rapidly. But in her weakness she became a constant reader of the Holy Book that brings down the proud spirit and softens the rebellious. She grew gentle and penitent as she advanced toward the grave. She sent for Mr. Henry, and asked him to forgive her petulance and pride.

"I know I ought to have submitted to my lot," she said; "but the thought that I am a slave was always in my mind. Nothing but my love for mistress kept me from trying to gain my freedom, but I could n't leave her. Every child I had made me feel worse. I thought that it was wrong to bring more slaves into the world."

THE BIBLE AND CONSCIENCE.

THERE is something wonderful in the power which the Word of God possesses over the consciences of men. To those who never read or hear it this fact must be unknown; but it is manifest to those who are conversant with the Sacred Volume, or who are in the habit of hearing it expounded. Why should this book, above all others, have the power of penetrating, as it were, searching the inmost recesses of the soul, and showing to a man the multitude and enormity of the evils of his heart and life? This may by some be attributed to early education, but I believe that if the experiment could be fairly tried, it would be found that men who have never been brought up with any sentiment of reverence for the Bible would experience its power over the conscience. The very best cure, therefore, for infidelity would be the serious perusal of the Scriptures. "The entrance of thy Word giveth light." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

THE CHURCH OF NATURE VS. COUNTRY CHURCHES.

BY MISS J. G. OAKLEY.

"IS it possible, my Puritanic cousin, that you mean to walk two miles this sultry morning to listen to Parson Somnolent?" said Kate G. to her cousin, who stood at the mirror arranging herself for church on a bright Sabbath morning in August.

"By all means I am going to church. I am well and the weather is suitable. I do not find excuse for staying home."

"Excuse! I should think there was excuse enough to any one who had ever been put to sleep once by his whining over his 'old' treasures. Do let me get you auntie's salts and a bunch of fennel. You'll need every possible stimulus to-day."

"You had better join me than to sit there laughing at me, Kate," replied Sarah gravely.

"Not I, indeed, when I have so much nobler a temple to worship in. For my part, I intend to take my Bible and go to church on the hillside under the chestnut-tree, and I calculate I shall not only profit myself but please the Lord of these pleasant hills by my worship quite as much as you will."

These two young ladies, both members in good standing of a prominent Church in the city, were passing the Summer months with an aunt in the quiet and, till lately, old-fashioned village of S—, where, unconsciously to themselves, they produced, in connection with other Summer visitors, a very decided impression, perhaps incalculable, on the rising generation of villagers.

"I think I should enjoy a morning under the trees quite as well as you do, Kate, if my conscience would—"

"Conscience!" interrupted her cousin. "What a bondage you are under! I do think it is a pity that a girl of such good sense should suffer herself to indulge in such narrow views."

"What do you mean by bondage?" asked Sarah, quietly tying her bonnet strings.

"Why, bondage to forms and customs whose only claim to reverence is their age. It is enough to destroy your peace."

"Strange that you should talk so, Kate. Your notions can not disturb my faith, but I would not have aunt Marcia's girls hear you for the world. What effect do you suppose it would have on them to hear a professor talking down the services of their mother's Church in that style? And pardon me if I say it, now that you have opened the way, your neglect of

attending worship this Summer has given me great pain on their account. I know aunt Marcia must feel the same."

"I'll take all the risk of my example," replied Kate. "As long as I am able to carry a Christian temper of charity and unselfishness through my daily intercourse I am not afraid I shall keep any one out of the ark, though I do n't believe I shall be directly instrumental in forcing them in under Dr. H.'s ministration."

"I think you are not free from selfishness on this score, for it is plain enough that these villagers must maintain their regular worship; and if every Christian were to please himself as you are doing, what would become of the ordinances of God's house?"

"O, there's not much danger of any one else doing as I do here. I wish they would. Formalism is the infidelity of the age, in my opinion. It is time we broke some of its shackles. And if the Lord would speak to our dead Churches in city and country as he did of old to the corrupt Jews, I believe he would call their worship an abomination. But people are too fond of old landmarks in this community to be at all influenced by my example."

"That is a great mistake, Kate. The old established professors may not be, but these young people are too ready to hail any sort of liberality in things pertaining to religion. Scores of them, no doubt, would be glad to feel justified in spending Sabbath under the trees as you do. But while you go out with your Bible and your mind in communion with the God of nature, and find yourself lifted to him through his works, they, without your faith, will find no sermons or religious inspirations in nature. And most of them would be very apt to take something less sacred than the book to while away the hours. If you do n't see that such a course as yours generally adopted will injure the young, then you are willfully blinding your own eyes."

"Upon my word, cousin Blue, you could make a sermon with a little practice. But you could n't convert me to a sense of the duty of attending church where every want is unmet, and every taste crucified, as they are at that village meeting-house. Neither can you make me believe that such worship is profitable for the young of this or any other place."

"Tell me now, Kate, if you do n't believe that true Gospel faith and morality is declared in that pulpit, and has been in years past."

"Why, yes, the husks of the truth, I suppose. Orthodoxy in the letter, but lacking the vitality."

"Not entirely. I presume I am as sensible

of the leanness and poverty of the religious sentiment here as you are. But, instead of withdrawing myself, if I am more alive in Christ than they are, I think it duty for me to lend all my powers to revive them. I know that that Church, poor as it is, stands as the fountain of every stream of pure morality that refreshes this place. Its associations are beautiful and sacred to all its inhabitants. Before its altar their successive generations have taken the vows of Christ, and if they have kept them but feebly it is as much as any of us do. There they have been wedded, there they have consecrated their children and parted from their dead, recognizing God, and invoking his blessing in all the great events of life. I do not believe it is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord, and I think it is in itself worthy my support even if there were no obligation on my part concerning it. However, I do not ask for a variety of reasons. I simply know that I have made a promise to God to support the ordinances of his house, and I understand the spirit of that vow to include any branch of the evangelical Church. However, I do think this Church needs to be purified and vivified. But take away even this and you give up the whole community to atheism."

"Bravo, Sarah! how you can preach! But you have not made a convert yet. Come, the sun is getting up and your walk is growing warmer. Upon my word, I believe you like to play the martyr."

"It is a self-sacrifice, but it brings its own reward."

"Well," said Kate mentally, as she strolled leisurely along the grassy hollow that led to her favorite chestnut-tree, "I am glad I comprehend the higher Christian faith that calls me to liberty. I never shall doubt that my sacrifice is as pleasing to God as hers is."

"Kate knows she is wrong," soliloquized Sarah as she dropped behind her aunt on her way to church. "It was the pricking of conscience that led her to attack me this morning. She is pleasing herself, and shutting her eyes upon disagreeable duties. May I never seek to justify my selfish desires on the ground of Christian liberty! that is the infidelity of the age, and I could point Kate directly to the influence that has been steadily carrying her into that track for the past year. I have seen it with pain. She is so social and influential I do not see how the girls can help being injured by her example. But I shall say no more."

Which of these, thinkest thou, was neighbor to those whom they met on the highway of folly and worldliness?

MAGGIE MORTON'S MITTENS;

OR, WORKING FOR THE SOLDIERS AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY HARRIET W. FARR.

ANY body would have known that something from the dull routine of daily life was going to happen in the little town of N—, for at an early hour of the morning all the blinds of Mrs. T.'s house were thrown open, and, after a careful sweeping, and dusting, and rubbing of windows, large fires were lighted in every room, even that best front parlor, which had scarcely been used since the new carpet was put down, a year before, and early in the afternoon—that is, between the hours of one and two—every old lady, every young lady, and many school-girls who were most anxious to be thought young ladies, came crowding in, till even that large house was full; for this was the afternoon appointed for the first meeting of "The Knitting Society."

The cold weather had just set in, and all were eager to get to work for the poor soldiers. "For our soldiers," they kept saying, and well they might, for this same town of N— had shown itself so truly patriotic as to shame some larger and wealthier ones, having literally given her all. No sooner was the war-cry heard there than every able-bodied man came forward, saying, "I am ready to go this very day and to fight for 'the Stars and Stripes' till every traitor to the Union is slain."

Brave men were they, ready to face danger and even death to preserve the honor of their beloved country. And the women—were they less brave? Knowing that patient endurance of weary waiting and soul-trying suspense would be their portion, they said cheerfully to their fathers, brothers, and husbands, "Yes, go and fight for the Union, for the freedom of your country, for the defense of your own hearth-stones."

"Yes, fight for your own hearth-stones," echoed one and another; and, though somebody laughed and said that those who were most earnest in repeating the latter sentence had no hearth-stones or hearths of any kind, the houses in which they lived having been built with only stove-pipe flues! still they were good and earnest women, who could afford to be laughed at for some incongruities of speech; and so, with hearts as true as steel to the Union, they sought needles and scissors, and went vigorously to work over what the little boys pronounced "the most beautiful Fourth of July flag that had ever been seen." In an incredibly short space

of time it was finished, and Miss Maggie Morton deputed to make the presentation speech. Many a blooming girl turned pale with envy, while others, who had no color to lose, coveted from their inmost hearts the distinction from which, to the surprise of every one, Maggie shrank. She was said to have remarkable self-possession and a rich, clear voice. But once during that short speech her voice became husky, and she seemed struggling for self-control. Those who knew her best said it was "the first time she had ever shown her feelings before folks; but then no wonder, for her two brothers stood in the front rank of the company just before her." They did not know that behind and over the heads of her fair-haired brothers a pair of dark eyes were looking as it seemed into her very soul. She had seen them before when the lips of their owner had poured forth glowing words of love and waited eagerly the coveted response, and had felt their power then. She had seen them again after the few decisive words she had uttered, and their changed expression caused her heart to ache through many a sleepless night. And now those eyes are again riveted upon her. No wonder that she falters in her speech, and for an instant shades her face with her hand, as if to shut out that mute but eloquent appeal, "If I am slain remember how I loved you!"

"The presentation" is scarcely over when the shriek of the locomotive is heard. A few moments more and a silence like that of the grave has settled down over that town but now so full of life. Those womanly hearts were too utterly sad for noisy weeping, and so they went in silence to their deserted homes and busied themselves in "putting things to rights," and folding away carefully such garments as had been left behind, dropping the while upon each thing they touched such quiet tears as we rain down unconsciously upon the lid of the coffin which incloses our beloved dead.

But now the hardest part of that trial is over, those first long weeks of separation that were so inexpressibly dreary have passed away, and, by dint of being always employed, they continue to keep hopeful, even when a three years' war is talked of. And so that knitting society, with which our story commences, and which it is time that we return to, presented a cheerful as well as a busy scene. It was beautiful to see how all ages and classes sat down together, absorbed in the same object—the pale, quiet matron and rosy, laughing maiden, the silver-haired grandmas and flaxen-headed children. Some of them were loaded with immense skeins of gray or blue yarn, others had theirs already

wound off into balls so large that the most capacious pocket could not receive them, while others still had brought money to purchase whatever the directresses might see proper.

"What will you knit, girls, socks or mittens?" asked the lively Mrs. T. "Mittens though, of course," she went on; "young ladies are always fond of giving them. Here, Maggie Morton, is a pattern one for you; but take care all of you that you do n't give one that will cause you sorrow when it is too late for repentance. Mittens are very dangerous weapons, I can tell you."

"Then I will be warned in time," said Maggie, "and knit socks instead."

"A sensible girl. I always thought you were."

Maggie blushed, and took up a sock in silence, while some of the girls exclaimed, "How can mittens be dangerous, Mrs. T.?"

"Because persons are too apt to distribute them without knowing what they are doing. Young ladies who have plenty of admirers think it very nice to give the mitten, but when they come to understand their own heart-wants better they very often find that they have given it to the wrong person, and so more people than one have to wear a bad fit all their lives."

"Dear me, I hope that I shall not be one of them," said Mary Lee, "for a badly-fitting stocking or glove gives me the horrors, and a badly-fitting husband would be worse yet."

"Worse than none at all, I thought you were going to say, Mary."

"Well, I do really believe it would be," she said so earnestly that all the other girls laughed except Maggie Morton, who sat quietly knitting, for the first time in her life paying no heed to what her young friends were saying. Much innocent joking followed, but Maggie did not hear it. She was thinking of what Mrs. T. had said, "that girls gave mittens because they did not know their own hearts," and as she mused her sock grew rapidly.

The afternoon passed away; cakes, apples, and nuts were brought in and enjoyed, and as the shadows of twilight began to deepen in the rooms, one and another of the guests rolled up her knitting and went home, for, as the girls said laughingly, "what was the use of spending the evening out when all their beaux were gone to the war!"

When Maggie went to her own room that night some strange freak possessed her, for, taking out a ball of beautiful, soft yarn, she sat down and commenced a pair of mittens.

"Yes, I will send them to him as a kind of joke," she said to herself, "having once, in

common parlance, given him a mitten that caused him pain. I will now send him a pair that shall really add to his comfort."

The socks were resumed openly every day, and at the next meeting of the knitting society she commenced another pair of them, but the mittens she worked at only in private. As she sat thus alone, shaping them after the most approved West Point fashion, it is not surprising that the one for whom they were designed should become the subject of her thoughts; but it did seem strange to her that, as she recalled each incident of their acquaintance, she gradually began to entertain a higher estimate of his character than she had ever done before. She saw that, from her inexperience of the world, she had done him less than justice, and now she unconsciously incurred the danger of going to the other extreme. But if she had made a mistake in rejecting him she would not admit it now, not even to herself, and click, click went the needles, but her thoughts were still as busy as they.

When he came home at the expiration of the three months Maggie was nursing a sick relative in a distant State, so she was spared the meeting, which she felt would be only painful to them both. But he had written to her before he went away, and Maggie had no need to unlock that little private drawer to read it over, for she can repeat it word for word. A part of it ran thus:

"Years ago, when you were but a child, and I was younger and far happier than I am now, we read together in that old honeysuckle arbor the story of 'Genevra,' and I remember how I blamed her lord because in despair at his great loss he went and 'flung his life away in battle with the Turks.' But now that you are lost to me, life stretches out before me like such a joyless, arid desert that I have not the courage to traverse it, and I would fain lie down just where I am and 'rest and end my heartache.' I was glad that the war broke out just when it did, for I longed to meet death in an honorable way. And I have sought it, have rushed to meet it, but it has fled from me as it always does from the unhappy. Ah, Maggie, men praise my unflinching courage and contempt of danger; they do not know the strange calmness of despair, nor that he whom they think so brave is but a feeble coward, hoping for death to free him from the ills of life. I have heard my patriotism lauded, and said to myself, 'Faugh, I have none of it, the Union might go to pieces and welcome for all me, while my heart yearns for a union to the girl I love.' I have enlisted again. There is a prospect of a three years'

war, and the longer the better for me. There are some in our company who have left loving and beloved ones at home; it shall be my aim to guard their lives with jealous care, and to interpose my own desolate heart between them and any danger that may threaten, since no one can be bereaved by my fall."

"What a pity that all those deeds of daring, those noble actions of his, which it has made me feel so proud to hear of, should have had no higher, purer motive than disgust of life and a desire to fling it away," said Maggie to herself, and then she sighed deeply.

Ah, child, do not *you* dare to judge him. Whose fault is it that he has lost his aim in life?

"How he *did* love me!" was her next thought, and how cold and heartless her letter seems to her now as she recalls portions of it in her silent little room! "He must despise me now," she said, as she went on shaping those mittens so beautifully.

When at the last meeting of the knitting society that famous box was packed for the soldiers it held one more pair of mittens than any body there, save Maggie, had counted upon, for she watched her chance and slyly slipped them in just before the cover was nailed down. Her better judgment still seemed to doubt the propriety of the act, for she kept saying to herself, "It is only a freak of mine sending him these mittens, and he will understand it as such."

But we rather think that the little note which she tucked inside one of them was written in a very different strain from what she had intended when she first conceived the idea of knitting them, and, perhaps, without her knowing it, conveyed to him an intimation that her feelings toward him had changed. But as the note was strictly private, this is mere conjecture on our part, drawn from a knowledge of the results rather than the facts in the case. What remains to be told of Maggie Morton and her mittens is quite another affair—a public transaction altogether.

Maggie was to give a party on Christmas night, for, as she announced with a blush, the two boys were to spend that day at home, and she wished it to be lively for them. So every body was invited, and "every body" was there.

"Maggie had had so many things to look after," her mother said, "that she was not quite dressed," when the company began to assemble, but she and the two young soldiers gave them a cordial welcome.

When the rooms were as full as they could well be, the last arrival having been the minis-

ter, one of the boys said he would go and bring Maggie down, and proposed that Mary Lee should accompany him and show him the way to his sister's room, which set all the visitors to laughing, and by the time they had recovered their gravity, Maggie, more brilliantly beautiful than ever, stood just inside the door, with Mary Lee, her brother, and an officer in uniform. They might have been acting a tableau, so very quiet were they, till the minister stepped forward, and then by degrees the company began to understand that it was a *wedding* to which they had been bidden, every one, even the impromptu bride's-maid, having been taken completely by surprise. Mary Lee remembered afterward that Maggie had inquired what she had intended wearing that night, and had proposed in the most natural way in the world that they should be dressed alike.

"How stupid in me not to suspect any thing!" she said to herself.

As the guests crowded around to offer their congratulations to the newly-married pair, one and another of them said almost reproachfully, "Well, you did keep it mighty still, but why could n't you have let *me* into the secret?" But Maggie answered, "It was only a freak of mine having it kept so secret, and I am somewhat given to freaks," glancing at the hands of the bridegroom as she spoke.

This gave the people fresh cause for wonder, for instead of having them incased in dainty kid gloves he wore a pair of beautifully-fitting soldier's mittens. But when rallied about them he only answered with a face full of glee, "To these mittens I owe all my happiness, for it was through them alone that I won my bride," which only served to mystify the company more and more.

"Here, Mrs. T., the bridegroom would not agree with you then," challenged the lively Mary Lee, whose tongue was beginning to be loosed from the surprise which had struck her dumb for a little season. "You know you told us mittens were very dangerous weapons, yet he ascribes all his present bliss to their influence."

"Pshaw, child, there are always *exceptional* cases."

"Nay, my dear madam," said the bridegroom, "you need not make us an *exception* to prove the truth of your assertion. You were quite right in calling mittens dangerous weapons. Like a pistol or a Sharp's rifle, they are the means of either wounding or protecting a man, just according to the way in which he receives and uses them."

"That is, he must take them in *hand* but not in *heart*, I suppose."

"Exactly," rubbing his mittened hands together. Just then came the call to supper. And such a supper as was spread! we despair of describing it.

"But then 'as the two boys were to be at home,'" Mrs. T. said archly, quoting Maggie's words, "of course their sister wanted them to have a lively time, and as many good things as possible. But she was not planning for any one else to have a lively time; O, no, of course not!" and the lady laughed heartily, and then commenced an attack upon the good things with which her plate had been loaded. As the surprise they had experienced served only to sharpen instead of diminish the appetites of the guests, we leave them in full enjoyment of that wedding feast, just whispering a word of warning to our fair young readers ere we lay down the pen. Working for the soldiers is a highly-commendable occupation, but knitting mittens for particular individuals is of very questionable propriety, especially when done in private, and may lead, as in the case of Maggie Morton, to wholly unlooked-for and, perhaps, undesirable results.

MY HOME IS NOT HERE.

BY MRS. MARION A. BIGELOW.

My home is not beside the hearth

Where the beloved abide,
Although upon the wide-spread earth
There's none so bright beside;

Bright with the hallowed rays that steal
Through many a clambering vine,
While evening-tide its charms reveal,
Or morning's dew-drops shine.

No flowers more sweet than those which bloom
Beneath this sacred shade,
No fields so rich with sweet perfume
As those around me spread.

But O, the flowery fields I roam
With thoughtful, tearful eye,
For I am musing of a home
Where violets can not die.

My home can never, never be
Where death delights to tread,
Where fond affection turns away
To weep above the dead.

My home is where my lyre, well strung,
Shall wake its stirring tone
To songs that angels never sung,
The highest round the throne.

'T is where the flame of deathless love
No blight, no change can fear;
'T is where the gilded moments move
One everlasting year.

**PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF
NAPOLEON.**

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. E. F. CARY, D. D.

NAPOLEON THE STUDENT.

ON the 15th of August, 1769, was born at Ajaccio a child, which received from its parents the name of Bonaparte, and from heaven that of Napoleon.

The first days of his youth were passed in the midst of that feverish agitation which attends revolutions. Corsica, which for half a century dreamed of independence, had just been half-conquered, half-sold, and had escaped from despotism under Genoa but to fall into the power of France. Paoli, conquered at Ponte-Nuovo, sought with his brother and his nephews an asylum in England, where Alfieri had dedicated to him his *Timoleon*. The air which the new-born breathed was hot with civil hate, and the bell which sounded his baptism was vibrating still with the tocsin.

Charles Bonaparte, his father, and Laetitia Ramolino, his mother, both of patrician origin, and natives of the charming village of San-Miniato, which Florence governs, after having been the friends of Paoli, had abandoned his party, and were now allied to the French. It was easy for them to obtain from M. de Marboeuf, who returned as Governor to an island where ten years before he had landed as a general, his influence to secure for young Napoleon a position in the Military School of Brienne. The application was successful, and some time after M. Berton, sub-principal of the college, wrote on his register the following note: "Today, 23d of April, 1779, Napoleon de Bonaparte has entered the Royal Military School of Brienne-le-Chateau, at the age of nine years, eight months, and five days."

The new-comer was a Corsican, that is to say from a country which in our day still struggles against civilization with a force of inertia such that it has preserved its character in default of its independence; he spoke nothing but the idiom of his maternal isle; he had the parched complexion of the Southron, the shadowed and piercing eye of the mountaineer. These were more than enough to excite the curiosity of his comrades and augment his natural shyness, for the curiosity of childhood is playful and un pitying. A professor named Dupuis took compassion on the poor stranger, and undertook the duty of giving him particular lessons in the French language. Three months after he was advanced sufficiently in that study to receive

the first elements of the Latin. But from the first he manifested that repugnance which he always retained against the dead languages, notwithstanding his aptitude for mathematics developed itself from his first lessons.

The species of isolation in which young Bonaparte found himself for some time, and which rendered it impossible for him to communicate his ideas, raised between him and his companions a kind of barrier which never completely disappeared. That first impression, leaving in his mind a painful remembrance which resembled rancor, gave birth to that precocious misanthropy which caused him to seek solitary amusements, and in which some have pretended to see the prophetic dreams of budding genius. Besides this, many circumstances, which in the life of all others would remain unperceived, give some foundation to the tales of those who have tried to make an exceptional infancy for such marvelous manhood. Let us recite two:

One of the most habitual amusements of Bonaparte was the cultivation of a little garden surrounded by pickets, into which he habitually retired during his hours of recreation. One day one of his young comrades, who was curious to know what he was doing there alone in his garden, scaled the barricade, and saw him occupied in arranging in military dispositions a heap of pebbles, the size of which indicated the grade. At the noise which the intruder made Bonaparte turned round, and, seeing himself surprised, ordered the student to get down; but the latter, instead of obeying, mocked the young strategist, who, little disposed to his pleasantries, picked up one of the largest pebbles and hurled it to the very center of the forehead of the railer, who fell immediately, dangerously wounded.

Twenty-five years after, that is, in the moment of his highest fortune, one announced to Napoleon that an individual who called himself his comrade at college, asked to speak to him. As impostors often made that a pretext of reaching him, the ex-student of Brienne ordered his aiddecamp to go and ask the name of his fellow-disciple; but the name not recalling any remembrance in the mind of Napoleon, "Return," said he, "and ask the man if he can not cite me to some circumstance which will recall his image."

The aiddecamp accomplished the task, and returned, saying that the solicitor had showed him a scar which he had in his forehead.

"Ah, this time I recollect him," said the Emperor; "it was a Commander-in-Chief which I threw at his head."

During the Winter of 1783-84 there fell so great a quantity of snow that all outdoor rec-

reations were interrupted. Bonaparte, forced, despite himself, to pass the hours given ordinarily to the cultivation of his garden, in the midst of the noisy and unaccustomed amusements of his comrades, proposed to them to go out and, by the aid of shovels and pick-axes, form in the snow the fortifications of a city, which should be afterward attacked by some and defended by others. The proposition met with too much sympathy to be refused. The author of the project was naturally chosen for the commander of one of the two parties. The city, besieged by him, was taken after a heroic resistance on the part of his adversaries. The next day the snow melted, but that new recreation left a profound trace on the memory of the scholars. Become men, they remembered the sport of childhood, and recalled the ramparts of snow which Bonaparte had battered down in seeing the walls of so many cities fall before Napoleon.

In proportion as Bonaparte grew, the primitive ideas which he had in some sort manifested in the germ developed themselves, and indicated the fruits which one day they would bear. The submission of Corsica to France, which gave to him, to him its sole representative, the appearance of one conquered in the midst of his conquerors, was odious. One day while he was dining at the table of father Berton, the professors, who had already noticed the national susceptibility of their scholar, affected to speak evil of Paoli. The blood mounted immediately to the face of the young man, who could not restrain himself.

"Paoli," said he, "was a great man, who loved his country like an old Roman, and I shall never forgive my father, who was his aid-de-camp, for concurring in the union of Corsica and France; he ought to have followed the fortunes of his general and fallen with him."

In the mean time, at the end of five years, young Bonaparte had gone through the studies of the fourth class, and had learned of mathematics all that father Patrault had been able to teach him. He was then at the proper age to pass from the school of Brienne to that of Paris. His standing was good, and this report was sent to King Louis XVI by M. de Keralio, inspector of the military schools: "M. de Bonaparte [Napoleon.] born the 15th of August, 1769; height, four feet, ten inches, and ten lines; has completed the studies of the fourth class; of good constitution, excellent health; submissive character, honest, grateful; conduct very regular; he has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics. He knows quite creditably history and geography; he is

rather behind in the exercises of parsing and in Latin, in which he has not passed through his fourth class. He will make an excellent seaman. He deserves to be transferred to the Military School of Paris."

In consequence of that note young Bonaparte obtains his place in the Military School of Paris, and of the day of his departure this mention is made on the registers: "The 17th of October, 1784, M. Napoleon de Bonaparte, born in the village of Ajaccio, in the Island of Corsica, the 15th of August, 1769, son of Hon. Charles Marie de Bonaparte, deputy from Corsica, living in the said city of Ajaccio, and of Madame Laetitia Ramolino, according to the record made in the register, page 31, and received in this establishment the 23d of April, 1779."

Some have accused Bonaparte of having boasted of an imaginary nobility, and of having falsified his age. The quotations first made reply to these accusations. Bonaparte arrived in the capital by the coach of Nogent-sur-Seine.

Nothing made the sojourn of Bonaparte at the Military School of Paris very peculiar, if it were not a memoir which he sent to his old sub-principal, father Berton. The young legislator had found in the organization of that school vices which his increasing aptitude for the administration of government could not pass in silence. One of the vices, and the most dangerous of all, was the luxury with which the students were surrounded. Bonaparte inveighed above all against this luxury.

"In the place," said he, "of retaining numerous domestics around the scholars, of giving them daily for their repast two courses, of making the cavalry parade very costly, so much for horses and grooms, would it not be better, without at all interrupting the course of their studies, to require them to wait upon themselves, except their cooking, which they could not do; make them eat regulation bread, or other bread like it; habituate them to brush their clothes, to clean their shoes and their boots? Since they are poor, and are destined for military service, is not that the only education which should be given them? Accustomed to a sober life, to take care of their own means, they would become more robust, would know how to brave the inclemency of the seasons, to support with courage the fatigues of war, and to inspire a respect and a blind devotion in the soldiers who might be under their command."

Bonaparte was fifteen years and a half old when he proposed this plan of reform; twenty years after he founded the Military School of Fontainebleau.

"THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A B AND AN M."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"AUGUSTA, come and sit down here by me, and let me look at you. Somehow it do n't seem as though you were very glad to see me back!"

"Howard!" I exclaimed deprecatingly, and hurrying away from the closet where I had gone to prepare some sandwiches, with a plate of them in one hand and a cup of jelly in the other, "do n't I look as though I was glad to see you," setting down the dishes on the table, and wheeling it toward him; "and are n't those a solid and substantial confirmation of my look?" pointing to the table.

My face received attention before the sandwiches did. The deep, steady eyes searched it all over with the tender smile in them which always made my heart tremulous with joy, and yet I was conscious that the joy this time had its alloy. Far down in my heart was a pain, hidden so deep that it did not touch my smile, even to the watchful eyes which searched it with glances made discerning by affection.

My husband had been absent for a week in Philadelphia. Business of an imperative nature had summoned him from home for the first time since our marriage, six months before. This separation had seemed in the perspective of the future a trial I could hardly endure. Certainly my love for my husband, Howard Dunbar, had suffered no change nor abatement during his absence, and yet when he kissed me on his return there was a pain and a shadow on my heart which were not there when he bade me be of good comfort, and left me.

"It seems good to be here again," continued Howard, stroking my hair in his old fashion, and I knew how much ground the simple words covered, and I looked up at him as he sat in his arm-chair in his dressing-gown, and the slippers where every green leaf and red blossom of embroidery had been stitched with loving thoughts of him.

"And it seems good to see you back again, Howard, my husband," and my heart emphasized my tones and Howard felt them.

He smiled at me. Strangers said that the smile of Howard Dunbar was sweet as a woman's; and what was it to me, his wife, to whom it was given with its whole significance, and into whose expression there entered elements which were always left out to all other persons?

"Are you satisfied now, Howard; and won't

you let the sandwiches divide your attention with me? I shall not be jealous of them."

"I forgot that I was hungry seeing you, Augusta, although I was strongly conscious of it during the last hour of my ride in the cars," and he turned to the table. "What have you got here?"

"Sandwiches, and your favorite currant jelly, which latter I made myself."

"How beautiful it is!" holding up the glass cup, and turning it round till a sunbeam caught the "quaking tumuli," and it glowed like one immense carbuncle.

"What a fine color that is, Augusta—just the tint of old Flemish wine! How it shines and sparkles! I always like to make currant jelly tributary to two senses."

"So do I, unless I happen to be very hungry, when the lower sense has the larger share of enjoyment. Come, Howard, that's ministered to you aesthetically quite long enough."

"And now it shall palatably," laughed my husband, breaking apart a sandwich and dipping his spoon into the glowing island of jelly.

"What made you say that I did n't seem glad to see you, Howard?" I asked, for the words had startled and still troubled me; and though I feared to probe them my curiosity triumphed.

"I do n't know, really," breaking sandwich the second. "Something in your tones or manner must have suggested the remark. I had been looking forward for the last twenty-four hours to seeing you, and probably got my fancies keyed up to a little more demonstrative reception than I got."

"Do n't, Howard!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and I was startled myself at the pain in my tones, for this time it crept right out of my heart.

My husband turned quickly. "Do n't mind what I said, Augusta," and the solicitude in his voice was answered by his face, "I was mistaken, you see. Can't you forgive me?"

"I've nothing to forgive, Howard," I answered, slipping my fingers through the bright, short hair; for this time I saw farther than he did, and that his first intuition had touched closer to the truth than he supposed.

He shook his head. "That sounded unmistakably sad, Augusta. What can I do with such a little mimosa as you are!"

"Never speak of it again," managing to mask my face into a sufficiently bright smile now, and Howard returned to sandwich the third, having made the discovery that he was hungry for the second time.

I watched him for a little while and then he

laid down his knife and looked at me with a tender, solemn thought beaming in his eyes.

"Augusta, we have great reason to be humble and thankful. How good God has been to us, to bring us together once more!"

"I know it, Howard." The pain in my heart hushed by that thought, as loving remembrance of Him hushes or softens all pain. "How good He is—how ungrateful we are!"

"There was a thank-offering to Him in those words, Augusta," and then we both sat very still, and Howard looked at me with a sweet, grave smile on his face, which touched on thoughts that went out—beyond this world's. It was the time, then, to tell my husband the secret that was in my heart, and threw a chill and a shadow over all its pleasant rooms, and the impulse seized me to do this. I leaned forward and laid my hand on his arm, and the words were almost beyond my lips, when a second thought checked me; a foolish feeling of pride and fear held me back, and when he said in reply to my movement, "Well, what is it, dear?" I only answered, "An't you going to eat any more of the sandwiches, Howard? It's a long, long time to supper yet."

And so, holding back my secret, I did to both of us a great wrong. It lay still and locked up in my soul, but aching there with a slow, steady pain, which I was at all times conscious of, the one black cloud on the clear horizon of my life. I am older and wiser now, but I was young and less self-reliant then, and there mingled something of awe with the deep, yearning tenderness which filled my heart for my husband, Howard Dunbar.

He was ten years my senior, so much wiser, and better, and higher than I, whose life had just slipped off its teens, that it was still a daily wonder with me, that of all the women in the world I should have been chosen to sit in the shelter of that heart, brave and strong as a man's should be—tender and loving as a woman's.

I had been an orphan from my earliest remembrance, but an invalid aunt had adopted me into her heart and home, and been to me what most fathers and mothers are not to their children.

My life had been sheltered from all storms, and blossomed into womanhood in a quiet and healthful atmosphere. I was naturally studious, and my aunt had indulged my tastes to the utmost limit of her means, for these were small, although sufficient to support us comfortably, and she had me fitted carefully for a teacher. But before I was twenty-one, and at the close of the Summer in which I graduated, the pul-

monary disease, which, for a score of years, had made my aunt an invalid, developed itself with fearful rapidity. The grass of the Summer had not been shriveled by the breath of Autumn when its low, green roof was built over her; and looking on it in the first agony of my grief, I almost wished that another had been made beside it.

But exertion at once became necessary for me. My aunt's small property was nearly consumed. There was an old friend of her husband's at the West, whom my uncle had been able to serve in his youth, and my aunt's last letter had solemnly confided me to the gentleman's care, with a fervent entreaty that he would use his influence to procure me a situation in some seminary as teacher of those branches for which my tastes and education qualified me.

The letter brought a reply which I little anticipated. It happened that the son of my uncle's old friend was at that time in New York, and thinking he might have some opportunities to serve me, my aunt's letter was forwarded to him.

The week following its reception Howard Dunbar came to my country home. He was a lawyer, an accomplished scholar, and what is more and better than this, a true Christian gentleman.

He was my friend from the beginning, and with my small knowledge of the world I was very glad and grateful for his advice and assistance. He settled my aunt's affairs, and I did not go West, as he procured for me a delightful position in the seminary of a friend of his, where my duties, without being arduous, were remunerative.

I remained in the seminary only a year. Howard Dunbar playfully said that he had found me a pupil who could not afford to divide my instruction, and I left my classes to take my place in his home—his wife, happy and dearly beloved!

Those six months of my wedded life had been fair as the blossoming of lilies in mountains, amid the song of birds and the sweet spices of Summer winds, and a fear often trembled over my soul that this great earthly love around my life might come between that mightier Love, whose infinite tenderness has rights to which all others must yield—which stands alone in its gifts and its claims. Then the shadow fell upon me. It was in this wise:

The third day of my husband's absence I had gone out to purchase the trimmings of a dressing-gown which I had intended to prepare as a surprise on his return, when I overheard a brief

conversation between two ladies as I stood by the counter examining a card of buttons. I had glanced up as the ladies entered just after I did. They were tall and well dressed. That was all the discovery I made before I returned to my business. The conversation was carried on in an undertone, but no word escaped me, although I did not at the time realize that I was listening.

"Do you know who that lady is?" asked one of the ladies of her companion.

"No; do you?"

"She is the wife of Howard Dunbar."

"Is it possible?"

There was a brief pause, during which I felt the ladies were giving me the benefit of an examination, which embraced the bows on my bonnet and extended to the braid on the skirt of my dress.

"What a young, girlish face! Do you suppose she knows any thing about that shocking affair?" pursued one of the ladies in a voice of sympathy.

"Very likely not. The matter was hushed up, you know, and afterward he went West to his father. I met him the other day on the street for the first time since his return."

"I should n't think he would want to show his face here," added the other.

"How did he manage to escape?"

"O, money, and the influence of his father's family did it, as is not unusual, you know."

The conversation was abruptly terminated here, for the clerk brought forward the goods which he had been in quest of, and I left the store a little later with a great chill of doubt and bewilderment upon me.

What was there in the life of my husband that he dared not tell to the wife of his youth—what deed had he been guilty of that linked his name with disgrace, and made her who had borne it with such mingled pride and humility an object of pity to strangers!

How the hot blood burned in my cheeks as I thought all this walking up and down my room, till I fairly wrung my hands in my impotence and suffering!

My faith was not gone. Whatever had been the sin of Howard's youth, I was certain that it had been truly repented of, forgiven of God, and should be forgotten of man—my heart went out to him with a new yearning tenderness as I thought of it all, and yet in one thing he had failed in his duty, for he certainly owed it to himself and to me a confession of the sin which had blighted his youth. He might have trusted my love. It would not have faltered in its loyalty; it would have thrown over all its man-

tle of tenderness, and wrapped away the wrong from sight and thought. And it was not the memory of the sin; it was the *silence* which harassed me most. I could not bear the thought of that—that Howard, my true and noble husband, had let me marry him with one great secret, which it was my right to know, hidden from me.

I tried to lay down the burden of my new sorrow where alone I could leave it, and I made up my mind to bear it with God's help patiently and bravely. Sometimes my heart yearned to go to Howard, when he should return, and to wind my arms about his neck and whisper to him the conversation which I had overheard, and entreat him to open the dark closet in his soul which held his secret; and then my heart played me traitor, and I shrank away trembling at the very thought. I learned afterward that this was weakness and folly, but I was young and inexperienced then.

When Howard returned home I met him with only that slight shade in my voice and manner which he detected at first, and afterward blamed himself for observing, thinking it was all owing to his own too highly-colored anticipations, and in a little while I learned to control both voice and manner.

A week had passed. I think that Howard had felt some change in me, though it was too elusive for him to grasp even in his consciousness.

But that morning I was ill with a headache and slow fever, which my mental anxiety had superinduced.

"Your cheeks are hot and your pulse is high, Augusta; I shall send Doctor Graham up as I go past this morning. I can't see you droop for a day, my lily of the valley," and Howard's eyes completed the sentence fitly bent in loving solicitude on my face.

"O, I am not sick, Howard. Do n't send up the Doctor," feeling that the cause of my disease was beyond the reach of medicines.

He was beyond my voice, for he had hurried away in his anxiety to procure me a physician. I leaned back my head on the softly-cushioned chair, where he had seated me, and placed my hands over my eyes, for the light pained me.

Just then my canary, Howard's gift, broke out with a trill of song that ruffled the silence with silvery sweetness.

I looked up as he paused. "Sing on, little bird," I exclaimed, "you do n't carry any dark secret in your heart slowly rusting and eating out your life!"

"Do you carry one?" asked a deep voice, full of amazement, at my side; and turning I saw my husband.

He had come in softly, having started for the Doctor's, and then turned back to see if there was any thing which he could do for me.

"O, Howard!" and I covered my face with my hands.

"Augusta, what does this mean?" His voice was grave, pained, astonished.

"Do not attempt to hide this from me, Augusta: it is my right to know this secret that is eating into your heart."

"Howard," taking away my hands and feeling now that the words came without any volition, "have not I the same right to all that is in your heart?"

"Most certainly. I never withheld any thing from you."

The grave, earnest tones, the calm, dauntless eyes enforced the words. For the first time there flashed through my heart a great hope that I had been mistaken.

I put my arms about Howard—I leaned my head on his shoulder, and through the sobs which shook me, I told him all that I had heard—all that I had suffered!

"Augusta!" There was some grief and some indignation in the tones. I held my breath.

In a moment the words came, "Augusta, you little simpleton. I'm provoked with you."

"O, Howard, was n't it true?"

The joy in my heart must have made radiant my face as I lifted it to him. I saw the sight moved him greatly.

"Augusta, had you no more faith in me?" There was pain and pity in his voice, but no displeasure now. I sank down on the stool at Howard's feet, too weak to answer him, and buried my face on his knee. "The ladies whose conversation you overheard were laboring under misapprehension as great as yours. They must have alluded to Howard Dunmar who, several years ago, embezzled a large sum from the firm in which he was head clerk. Money and influential family connections saved him from the penalty of his crime, and I recently learned that he had returned home and was married. It is a pity, Augusta, that your sharpened ears did not discern the difference between a B and an M."

I knew that the light tones covered very deep feelings.

"O, Howard, thank God! thank God!"

"You will be wiser next time, foolish child?"

"Yes, Howard, and you will forgive me; it was my first secret from you, it shall be my last."

"On that condition, yes!"

"I do n't want Doctor Graham. I am now cured," I said, getting up.

"And learned a lesson through bitter experi-

ence for your future, Augusta, my wife," said my husband, as he seated me in the chair.

Dear reader, I give you the lesson, hoping you will never have the experience.

THE DAWN OF SPRING.

BY ELLEN E. MACK.

WELCOME, O! blessed time,
For I have waited long,
Dreaming of that far clime
Where, amid light and song,
Thy stay thou dost prolong!

This gray March morn I heard
The first red robin sing;
Ah, how my heart was stirred,
As by an angel's wing!
The bird proclaimed, "'T is Spring!"

The prophecy was true;
All day the sun has shone
Down from the heaven's blue;
And softened airs have blown;
The wild March winds have flown!

Soon will the young buds part
The brown on shrub and tree;
Like these fresh hopes, my heart,
Now springing within thee—
The germs of flowers to be!

Ah, what a change is here!
The ground is white with snow;
I hear the March winds drear,
Complaining as they go,
Fitfully to and fro!

Where is the robin's song?
Ah, hushed in sad dismay!
I know that all day long
He broodeth, far away,
Deep in the forest gray.

But we will not complain,
Dear warbler—you and I.
The sun will shine again
From out to-morrow's sky,
The storm will soon pass by!

Another morning breaks,
Mild, radiant, and clear;
Sweet song, that gladness wakes,
Comes to my listening ear,
The Spring is surely here!

Now let your joy-notes swell,
Bright birds, on buoyant wing,
While 'neath the light's soft spell
The sweet buds, blossoming,
Shall crown the early Spring!

Spring, like a gentle bride,
In soft-hued garments dressed,
That feels her young life's tide
By a strong love caressed;
Blessed and making blessed!

GOD IN HISTORY.

BY REV. H. B. COLLINS.

WHEN Cecrops was laying the foundation of Athens, Moses, then in the fortieth year of his age, was a fugitive from Egypt. He had killed a servant of Pharaoh, and must fly for his life. The land of Midian was far distant, but Moses could not feel secure till he had put an arm of the Red Sea between himself and his enemies. In Midian he sat down by a well, weary and sad, no doubt, but God was with him. It was but a short time till he had friends, and even kindred—a wife and child, the latter of whom he named Gershom; for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land. He now seemed contented and happy, and, for aught we know, it was his purpose to remain where he was during life. But it was not to be so. God had a great and arduous work for him to do. Whatever Moses may have thought, his flight from Egypt was none other than a quick response to a divine call to meet the great I Am at Mount Horeb. And the time for that wonderful meeting drew near. The fire that burned and yet consumed not, was already kindled on one of the peaks of Sinai, and the God of Abraham awaited the coming of the hireling shepherd that he might give him his commission as the deliverer of Israel. Let us turn for a moment to the sacred history:

"Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian; and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush, and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses; and he said, Here am I. And he said, Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God. And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a

good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites. Now, therefore, behold the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me; and I have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them. Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt." Exodus iii, 1-10.

For the remainder of this wonderful history let the reader turn to the sacred Record. Meanwhile, for the present, let us leave Moses with God on Horeb, and turn our attention to other events in other parts of the earth.

Nearly a thousand miles north-westward from the scene of the burning bush, on the north side of the Mediterranean, between the Ionian Sea on the west and the Ægean on the east, is situated the peninsula of Greece. Not more than half the area of our own Pennsylvania, it was yet the most celebrated region of ancient times. And, in truth, as to its physical aspects and properties, a finer country is hardly to be found. Here Nature seems to have lavished some of her choicest gifts—a mild and beautiful climate, numerous rivers and inland gulfs, fine harbors, and an almost endless variety of soil. In all these respects, together with the fact of its position as the center of the then inhabitable world, Greece was eminently fitted to be the home of a vigorous, manly, cultivated people. For centuries, however, it was not so. In its infant state, the inhabitants,* we are told, were naked savages, scarcely superior to the beasts of the forests. But so it was in Britain, and so it was in our own country. Like the Celtic aboriginals of old Britania, the early Greeks fed upon roots and herbs, and dwelt in caves and hollow trees. In later times we find among them the evidences of improvement. Their ancient food was exchanged for acorns; they began to build huts for dwellings, and to clothe themselves with the skins of animals. Another forward step was the organization of the hitherto independent tribes into little commonwealths, or States, under the government—if in such a case we may use a term so dignified—of petty princes. And here we see the germ of Grecian civilization—the mystic prophecy of that tremendous power which in after centuries commanded the

* The earliest known inhabitants of Greece were the Pelasgians, called by the Athenians *storks*, on account of their migratory habits. They were expelled by the Hellenes, B. C. 1400. From the latter is derived *Hellas*, the classic name of Greece.

admiration of the world, and which to this day is felt and acknowledged wherever art and science, literature and religion, have developed the principles of lofty manhood. This period, as referring to Greek history, is called the heroic age; in other words, the age of Hercules, Theseus, Minos, and other heroes who were exalted into demi-gods on account of their wonderful exploits, their zeal in redressing grievances, and their rigid severity in the punishment of oppression. In process of time another and very important forward step was taken. Till the Trojan war the Greeks had no confederacy of States—no common bond of union. Each State was independent of all the others, and each too feeble in numbers, and other necessary resources, either to make important conquests or repel invasion. The memorable expedition under Agamemnon, bringing together the princes, and warriors, and armies of the different States, made them known to each other, and laid the foundation of their future renown. After a siege of ten years Troy fell, and the allied Greeks, flushed with victory and glowing with national pride, returned home to form a more advantageous government—a consolidated republic. So much for war. The confederacy of States thus inaugurated was rendered more perfect—though, unfortunately, not indissoluble—by the prestige of subsequent desperate but victorious contests with the great monarchs of Persia. The battles of Marathon, of Salamis, of Platea, excited the national enthusiasm to the utmost intensity, and fed the glowing flames of an ambition that mounted higher and shone brighter in art, and science, and literature—as well as in war—than the world had ever seen before, or, indeed, than the world has ever seen since.

Greece now rapidly arose to the foremost rank among the nations of the earth. Her dominions extended from Cancer to Capricorn, and from the Ganges to the Atlantic Ocean. Her laws, her language, her literature prevailed from Egypt to the Orient; and the renown of her great orators was as splendid and universal as it is immortal. Athens, the magnificent capital of Attica, founded fifteen and a half centuries before Christ, had grown to be the pride of Greece and the wonder of the world. Even the ruins of the Parthenon, the glory of the Acropolis, as seen by the traveler of to-day, attest the rightfulness of the claim of Athens to the proud distinction that history has conferred upon her—the eye of Greece and of the world; the birthplace of Freedom; the seat of learning and refinement; the home of Solon; the school of the greatest artists, and orators, and statesmen, and philosophers of antiquity. Alas! that such light

should go out in such darkness; that the home of Themistocles should become the synonym of departed manhood; that the long array of brilliant names that shed so much luster on the annals of Greece, should kindle within us the glowing enthusiasm of classic inspiration only to imbitter our souls with the humiliating contrast of a glory that once was, and a darkness that now is!

But if Greece did not live in vain, neither did Greece die in vain. Her sun is set; in antiquity it rose, and beyond the horizon of antiquity it went down. But it had shone long enough, and bright enough, and warm enough, to develop and fructify the germ of a civilization that, under the benign influence of a system founded by One greater than Lycurgus, is destined to become universal. It had arisen in an age of darkness; it had enlightened an age of darkness; it went down in an age of promise—painting a farewell glory on the breaking clouds!

Well has it been said that

"Westward the course of empire takes its way!"

and westward, too, the course of civilization—first along the shores of the Saronic Gulf, and then by the gleaming waves of the Tuscan Sea. The sun that goes down in Greece rises in Italy. The Ilissus surrenders its glory to the Tiber. Athens bows to the scepter of Rome. The light did not go out—it only moved forward. There was no period of intervening darkness. It was so, because the almighty Disposer of human events would have it so.

"There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,"

is as true of nations as of men. The world by wisdom could not know God, else the Greeks had known him; but in these ages the wisdom of the world was God's opportunity. And he that purposed found means to effect his purposes. The work that had been begun in Greece should go forward in Italy. If the brightness of a free and lofty civilization was fading along the shores of the Ægean, it should revive beyond the Adriatic. And for long centuries, in obvious anticipation of the emergency that arose when the conqueror of empires closed his career amid the gorgeous splendors of the Persian capital, the conservative agency that secured to the world, and for all time, the noble fruits that grew and ripened in the classic age of Greece, was in process of development. When the covetous shepherds of the Morea inaugurated the thirty-three years' war for the conquest of Mesenia—a war which proved the distant harbinger of the dissolution of the Greek empire—the

fabled nursing of a she-wolf was laying the foundation of the "Eternal City." And when, in the three hundred and twenty-third year of the world before Christ, the empire that, under Alexander, had been one, became four under Lysimachus, Ptolemy, Cassander, and Seleucus—the Latin arm had grown strong enough to begin that gigantic system of conquest which was not completed till the wings of the Roman eagle overshadowed the whole known world. One by one, and in rapid succession, as the grand and universal revolution proceeded, the States of Greece were added to the dominion of Rome, till the whole were absorbed, and the political existence of the first and greatest republic that the world had ever seen became extinct.

But the Greeks subdued even their conquerors. Their language was the purest on earth; their laws the most perfect that had ever been devised; and their literature as refined, and elevated, and brilliant as the highest state of civilization in the brightest era of antiquity could make it. How could it be otherwise than that such might of intellect should overcome even the gigantic strength of the Roman arm? The haughty, imperious conquerors were but too glad to sit like children at the feet of the vanquished. The great statesmen, and orators, and artists of Rome were educated in the schools of Greece. And thus, in the period called emphatically the golden age—an age ever memorable on earth and in heaven—while Rome held the scepter of universal dominion, the world-controlling power behind the throne was the matchless literature and unconquerable civilization of Greece.

But we must now return to Moses. Since we left him with God on Horeb, we have passed over a period of more than a thousand years. We have traced, in miniature outline, the rise and supremacy of Greece; her decline and fall; and from the magnificent ruin the emergence and grand progress of Rome, up to the period of her meridian splendor, the beginning of the Christian era. And in these long centuries what wonderful history have Moses and the bondmen of Egypt been making! From the "mountain of God," his great soul all aglow with new-born, lofty purpose, he hastens to make his return to the valley of the Nile. He had been absent forty years. Would the people know him? It matters not to us. Would they receive him as their deliverer? Here is the record, and how beautiful it is!

"And Moses and Aaron went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel. And Aaron spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in

the sight of the people. And the people believed. And when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that he had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshiped." Exodus iv, 29-31.

It is not necessary to our present purpose, even if we had room to do so, that we should sketch the details of what followed the announcement of this glad message—this preaching of deliverance to the captives, so beautifully typical of the blessed annunciation made in after centuries to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. It is enough for us to know that, after a series of the most awful chastisements visited by the Almighty upon the great slaveholder of Egypt, the people were permitted to depart. On the 14th day of Abib—about the 4th of April—B. C. 1491, after a bondage of four hundred and thirty years, the great exodus began. But notwithstanding the calamities that had befallen his country, the tyrant whose capital had been so long enriched by the product of slave-labor, determined even now to make one more desperate attempt to thwart the purpose of Jehovah. The fugitives were pursued. But the Lord opened a passage for them through the Red Sea; and on the eastern shore, when they saw the host of Pharaoh overwhelmed amid the returning waves, they struck up a song of deliverance—a glad, shouting song, that made the desert ring far and near, and, mingling with the solemn music of the sea-waves, ascended to heaven.

Now began that long and tortuous journey which, after forty years of sin and suffering on the part of this strange people, terminated in the promised land. The battles of Jahaz and Edrei were fought; Sihon and Og defeated; the Jordan was crossed; Jericho captured; and now the weary-footed emigrants sat down to divide the land of Canaan among the twelve tribes. After the death of Joshua—Moses had died eight years before, B. C. 1451—Othniel—he that had won the hand of the fair Achsah by his valor against old Kirjath-sepher—was appointed to be the first judge of Israel. Then followed a long line of judges, extending through a period of three hundred and ten years, to the end of the theocracy, B. C. 1095. About this time the people clamored for a king; they wanted to be like the heathen. God gave them the son of Kish, and then David, and then Solomon. During the reign of this great and wise prince—which, continuing thirty-nine years, terminated B. C. 975—the kingdom of Israel had reached its meridian. Henceforward its history is scarcely other than that of sin and folly and hastening

dissolution. After the death of Solomon the tyranny of his son and successor, Rehoboam, caused a division of the Jewish commonwealth; and from hence there were two kingdoms—that of Israel, and that of Judah. The former terminated B. C. 729, in the captivity of the ten tribes by Shalmanezzer; the latter continued to the year B. C. 588, when, in the reign of Zedekiah, Jerusalem was captured by Nebuchadnezzar, the Temple plundered and burnt, and the miserable remnant of a once noble people carried into captivity.

At the end of seventy years, or B. C. 518, Cyrus, the great Medo-Persian monarch, having become the supreme arbiter of nations—if we except the Republic of Greece—or, to use his own words, “the Lord God of heaven” having given him “all the kingdoms of the world,” issued a proclamation for the rebuilding of the Temple at Jerusalem, and commending the now liberated Jews to the God of their fathers, sent them home. Thus, about two centuries after its delivery, was fulfilled the inspired prediction of the son of Amoz. After a series of hindrances caused by the “adversaries of Judah and Benjamin,” the Temple was consecrated to the worship of God in the year B. C. 515. A hundred years later, the twenty-first jubilee, the last that the prophets of the Mosaic dispensation ever saw, was celebrated. And here ends the chronology of the Old Testament, as obtained from its canonical books. Henceforward, through a period of three hundred and fifty years, the Jews were tributary occasionally to the Persians, the Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Syrians. In these long years of dependency, notwithstanding the local government was frequently administered by native high-priests, the people were often grievously oppressed. And there seemed no hope of deliverance, till at length, B. C. 165, under the leadership of Judas, the first of the Maccabean princes, the Jews rose in insurrection against that most wicked and cruel tyrant, Antiochus Epiphanes—the successor of Seleucus in the kingdom of Syria—who had taken Jerusalem, pillaged the Temple, destroyed 4,000 of the inhabitants, sold other thousands into slavery, and attempted to annihilate the Jewish religion. In the wars which followed this most righteous revolt, the Jews succeeded in establishing their independence, which for more than a hundred years they had maintained.

In the year B. C. 65, Jerusalem was taken by Pompey, and the Jews became tributary to the Romans. Fourteen years later the Tetrarchy was established in this part of the Roman empire, and Herod, the son of Antipas, ap-

pointed king of the Jews. Within the next fifty years—the last half century B. C.—Octavius the Great assumed the title of Emperor, and swayed the scepter of universal dominion; the angel Gabriel appeared to Zachary while offering incense in the Temple; the same angel appeared to Mary, the mother of our Lord, announcing the near approach of the Messianic advent; and six months before that advent John the Baptist was born.

We are now prepared to close this already too lengthy paper. The founding of Athens and the flight of Moses from Egypt have been announced as cotemporaneous events. If the chronological facts do not accurately sustain this record it matters not. Our argument will not be in the least affected by a small discrepancy of dates. As to future results, were the two events correlative? That is the question of moment. We think they were. The Jewish dispensation was ordained of God for the conservation of the true religion. It was pre-Messianic. It referred to Christ, but was before him. The spiritual and real of the future were typified in the tangible and ideal of the present. And the divinely-appointed representatives and beneficiaries of this system of types, and shadows, and ceremonials—which in due time was to be superseded by a better and more universal—were Abraham and his posterity, and they alone. It was intended that the whole world should be grafted into the vine that was brought out of Egypt, but not yet. God works by degrees of progress, and by means; and while, on the one hand, among the Jews, he would preserve the covenant of promise, on the other, not forgetful of the Gentiles, he would set the world in course of preparation for the covenant of grace. And this he did. *How* he did it, we think we have in some measure shown. In all the operations of the divine Hand there are the marks of divine power, and wisdom, and goodness; but, so far as mere human history is concerned, the power, and wisdom, and goodness of God were never more wonderfully displayed than in this: That four hundred and fifty years after the call of Abraham, there should be seen beyond the East Mediterranean the germ of a power that awakened and set in motion the physical, and moral, and intellectual forces of the whole world; and that these forces, operating through fifteen and a half centuries, in most intricate complication, and with rapid and gigantic enlargement of strength and scope, should result in the establishment of the Roman supremacy and of universal peace, at the precise point of time ordained of God for the advent of his Son into the world!

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY E. A. WEST, ESQ.

NUMBER IV.

SETTING OUT IN LIFE.

MY DEAR —, You have early learned that 't is "distance lends enchantment to the view." In your effort to make your future you "have met with more discouragements than you expected." Yet during the few weeks that you spent at home we conversed freely on this subject, and I certainly did not spare words of affectionate warning. I suppose, however, that no young person, favorably circumstanced, ever stood on the threshold of life, as you did three months ago, without falling under the spell of this enchantment. It is ever thus with my own sex, and I presume that this too buoyant hopefulness is an attribute of youth and not a peculiarity of sex. I feared while I counseled you that you would not give full credence to all I said of what experience would teach you when you came to stand alone in a strange place and among strangers, battling for honorable position in the world. Yet I could not blame you, for I remember my own incredulity when similarly counseled. Seen in the "distance," the future I know looked so fair and promising that you could not believe that there was in the world so much of calculating selfishness and so little of pure morality, of genial humanity, and of brotherly, Christian love. I knew, however, that what your parents had learned experience would teach you, and that it was a matter in which you must be self-taught. You had to learn how literally true are Scripture teachings, and to find out that "the world lieth in the arms of the wicked one," breathing his temper and animated by his spirit. But in all this be not discouraged. Yours is the "faith that overcometh the world." Read often and studiously the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Emulate in your degree the example of the ancient worthies who, having "received not the promises" which are yours under the new covenant, yet endured trials and overcame discouragements compared with which yours merit no mention.

Yet, my dear —, I truly sympathize with you. To *you* the trials you name are no light afflictions, and your inexperience in sorrow adds to the poignancy of the grief they cause you. But let me remind you that you can not expect from strangers, who have no personal interest in you, the delicate regard for your feelings, the promptness to gratify your reasonable wishes, the disinterestedness of counsel, the consideration and sympathy you enjoyed under the pa-

rental roof or at the — Institute. The interests of others may and doubtless will clash with yours, and you may thus become the object of jealousies and dislikes, open or concealed, the motives of which you can neither understand nor suspect. Your motives may be maligned, your actions misinterpreted, and even your good be evil spoken of. These trials are common to the young, when they leave home and embark upon the "wide, wide world." They must be valiantly met, boldly grappled with, and brought to the sober measurement of experience. Examined in the light of the Word of God, they will be found to be so many parts of a divinely-instituted moral discipline by which your character is to be formed for time and eternity. It is for you, my dear child, to take heed that none of these things move you from the steadfastness of your faith, or separate you from the love of Christ. Then shall even these trials and disappointments work for your good, and lead you to put on "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price." You have a character to establish as well as a worldly position to gain. The latter, with your talents and advantages, can be acquired by ordinary industry. But that excellence of character, of which it would grieve me that you should fall short, is reached only by a more difficult path. Character is formed not by an occasional deed, good or bad, but by a succession of acts. *Habits are character.* Hence the necessity of constant watchfulness. The uncongeniality, selfishness, and even enmity of others may be turned to good account for the maturing and perfecting of your character, and reason teaches and God commands that they be put to such use. Let none of these annoyances ruffle your spirit or sour your temper. Carry yourself courteously to all, as becomes your sex and your religion. Above all things, keep a pure conscience. Abide faithfully and unflinchingly by principle, and under all circumstances maintain inviolate your self-respect. Your opinions you may keep in abeyance. It may even be expedient sometimes to waive your individual rights. But you can never sacrifice principle or infringe upon your self-respect without loss and dishonor. Give way to no supersensitiveness about the bearing of those around you. Whatever it costs, do right. Your happiness is in your own keeping, and none can rob you of it if you live in the light of God's countenance and walk according to his precepts. "Great peace have they who keep thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

I recognize, my dear daughter, the conscientiousness of your course with respect to going

into mixed company. I should grieve to see you counted among those frivolous young women who are happy only amid the rush and whirl of society, and who, when thrown upon themselves for companionship, find only unwelcome solitude. I concede fully that you need time for reading, for mental improvement generally, for calm reflection, for self-examination, devotion, and communing with God through his Spirit and his Word. I would have your mind so well stored and disciplined that *yourself shall always be a companion for yourself*. I agree with you also—and more's the pity that, with educational advantages and facilities over every other people, the confession must needs be made—that in what is called society, there is much conversation that tends not to godliness, and is positively unprofitable and injurious. But when all this is admitted, it will not justify you in standing entirely aloof from all the social circles that are accessible to you. You are to be of use to society as well as to derive pleasure from it, and no sensible, well-informed, virtuous young woman is without large influence for good in whatever circle she may move. It is in her power, much more than it is of the other sex, to work a reformation in society, to rebuke folly and inculcate wisdom. I know that some ladies have complained that gentlemen rarely address them as intellectual beings, but seem to consider them incompetent to the discussion and elucidation of great principles and grave topics. I know not that I am prepared to dispute the fact, but I am free to say that I do not think the blame lies exclusively with my own sex. And I will tell you why I hold this opinion. We are by nature always solicitous to ingratiate ourselves with the female sex. Except in the case of a certain shallow-brained class, we are not incapable of discerning when you are pleased and how to please you; and if light and frivolous conversation has become the rule with men when conversing with women, I fear it is only because we have found that, as a general rule, to be the surest road to your favor and companionship. I confess that the inference is not flattering to your sex, but I may speak thus frankly to you, my dear child, because it is within the province of parental duty, and it can be no offense to you for me to speak the truth. It is certainly within the power of your sex to correct this evil, if you be so minded. Teach us that we can only be enshrined in your good graces when we pay homage to your intelligence rather than to your vanity, when we challenge you to earnest and improving conversation rather than seek to amuse you by badinage and frivolity, and my word for it we shall

be willing pupils. Of course I would not have any one of your sex and age set up for a "blue-stocking," or make a display of learning, of educational acquirements or mental power. But I would have you, my dear —, wisely employ your talents, and the influence which is so powerful an attribute of your sex, in efforts to improve the society into which you may be thrown; for this I hold to be your *duty*. God has made no individual or class independent of the rest of the species, or sufficient for his, her, or their own happiness. Each sex, each character, each period of life has its own advantages and disadvantages; it is by interchange that mutual wants are supplied; and such interchange can only be effected by means of social intercourse.

Besides, there are certain habits or manners which can only be acquired by mingling in society, such as grace and freedom of deportment, ease and readiness of conversation, knowledge of current topics and events, and the many other accomplishments that make up the sum of a woman's attractiveness and influence. Nor can I counsel you to neglect altogether the society of those of your own age. Youth is entitled to the indulgence, within proper limits, of its vivacity, its tastes and sympathies, and so long as you keep the fear of the Lord before your eyes, you can safely and advantageously take part in the play of refined wit and genuine mirth. It can not be expected that young people should always utter grave sentences, sage admonitions, or solemn reflections. Nor is it desirable that they should. Indeed, the recreation of pleasant conversation is needful to soothe the infelicities of life. Only we must take heed that while we indulge in the recreation that is needful for the mortal, we maintain the temper becoming immortal beings. Because we are weak, there is no reason why we should be silly. The brow of care may be smoothed without overspreading it with the laughter of folly.

But while I give this counsel I would repeat a suggestion that I have once made to you. You will *profit* most by the society of persons older than yourself. Their knowledge and experience will benefit you largely. "He who walketh with wise men shall be wise," says Solomon, and the maxim is as applicable to one sex as to the other. The conversation of older people may afford you less immediate delight, but it will afterward abundantly compensate you. It will supply you with thoughts for calm and quiet reflection.

In my next I will give you my views on the proper place to be assigned to recreations and amusements. Perhaps this topic may wholly occupy my letter; perhaps others may be intro-

duced. Be assured at all times that my counsels will be prompted by the purest and tenderest affection, and certainly will not be tinged by narrow and illiberal opinions. What is sinful I shall always counsel you to shun as you would a pestilence; what is lawful, to enjoy with moderation; and what is duty, to perform with willing earnestness. God's blessing be ever with you, my beloved daughter, and lead you in the way everlasting. Cherish his fear in your heart, and that shall be your sure defense against all the temptations of Satan. Continue to write to me with all frankness; I will reciprocate. Do not forget us in all your approaches to God in prayer, assured that we never forget our dear —, in our intercessions. "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind in perfect peace!" Amen.

Your affectionate father.

THE DESERTED CABIN.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

SEE it yonder! rising rudely 'neath the tall, primeval trees,

Where the wild grape-vine is waving all untrained upon the breeze;

Where the thicket grows luxuriant, like a wild, untutored child—

Weeds and flowers inwove together, all where once the garden smiled;

Where the sassafras and sumach, and the elder-thicket grows,

In the footsteps of the blue-flag, in the home o' the full pink rose.

And below a spreading beech-tree, at the bottom of the hill,

Are the remnants of the "spring-house" and the moisture of a rill,

Where the gushing spring once bubbled, and across the rude logs lay,

And the milk was kept so cool and sweet it never turned to whey;

But the cabin where the human hearts that throbbed within are still,

At thy sight how many a fancy through this soul of mine doth thrill!

Of a home that once was flushing with the tide of human life,

That was sweetened by its pleasures, or imbittered by its strife;

Where the pioneer went forward with his yearnings for a home,

And repelled the phantom, danger, when it ventured there to come;

Where the outward-stretching forests, with their lack of human love,

Brought his loved ones nearer to him, nearer to the God above;

Where the love, and hope, and sympathy, which no one else might share,

Folded their wings beside their hearth and nestled sweetly there;

Where God was thanked for earth's fair fruits, the sunshine and the rain,

For the opening of the spring-tide and the ripening of the grain!

Wild imagination questions, Who upreared this cabin rude,

In the vanished years uncounted, in the forest's solitude?

Year on year have slowly vanished, and decades have passed away,

Till the pioneers remaining all are old, and weak, and gray.

And the rough logs of the cabin all are rotted at the ends,

And the one that crowned the roof-tree, like an old man, downward bends;

And the "clapboards" all are vanished: "dust to dust" again I hear,

As the ghostly moon looks downward, and the owl hoots my fear;

And the old logs at the doorway, by the "cheek" no more confined,

Stand apart like scattered households, or like thin hairs in the wind.

And I ask, What youthful spirit, in its El Dorado search,

Cut the first logs in this forest of the poplar and the birch;

Brought the young bird of his bosom from its downy, Eastern nest,

To the rude hut of the forest on the oaten straw to rest,

Deeming Love would make her pillow softer than the eider-down;

Deeming Love would make a shelter shielding off life's slightest frown;

Deeming Love would make the wild flower richer than the Georgian rose,

And would cool the fervid Summer, and would warm the Winter snows;

That the music of the wild-bird, and the forest's chant sublime,

Would drown out the old guitar-notes, and make light the foot of time.

O youth and love! your day-dreams and your deep, unfaltering trust,

How ye shame our riper spirits, and with garments in the dust,

How we pray but for one soul-draught of your hopes so fond and pure!

How they weigh deep down the balance with the baubles that allure,

Ignis-fatuus-like, our footsteps up the steepes of wealth or fame,

When the soul's deep wealth is bartered for a vision or a name!

And the young bride—she is happy, though the day is full of toil,

Though the sun embrowns her forehead, and the work her white hands soil;

For the husband of her choosing, with bold heart and brawny arms,
 Shields with love his forest birdie from a cold world's direst harms.
 Yet the labor is unending, and her form is not so strong
 As the dark-eyed Indian matron, to whose life the woods belong;
 And sometimes an inward aching, all unguessed, unknown by him,
 Sets her pulses all to quaking, makes her spirit-vision dim;
 For the dear old-time communion, when with minds of lofty mold,
 Her high spirit wandered onward, caring not its wing to fold—
 Wandered through the fields of azure and the starry realms of space,
 Wondering where, if man could ever for his thought find resting-place,
 Till, like trees, their souls sprang upward, and their loftiest boughs entwined,
 Separated by the earth-mold, linked together by the mind.
 And I think these memories sounded like the whip-poorwill's sad song,
 On the key-notes of her spirit, where the finer cords belong.
 Yet the venture of her life-hope in the forest now was laid,
 And with woman's strength Fate found her, and she said, "I'm not afraid."
 Then the little tottering footsteps, and the heads of flaxen hair,
 Gather round her in the evening, and her soul finds manna there;
 And she prays for strength to guide them through the wilderness of life;
 How to trample down its brambles, and to overcome its strife;
 How to fell the trees of prejudice that spring so thick around,
 Where Ignorance and Bigotry have planted all the ground;
 How to till the fields of science till its beauties should unroll,
 Spreading panoramic visions out to the unfolding soul,
 Till the dark and waving forests, stretching to the sunset skies,
 Change to homes as bright and happy as our dreams of paradise;
 While the noble bird of freedom should float high on lofty wing,
 And within their homes the children of their "native land" should sing.
 O, Acadie! nothing brighter in thy peaceful valleys grew
 Than I deem enriched this cabin where the storm now whistles through;
 Nothing richer, purer, holier than this mother's gentle love,
 Ever blessed thy sloping hill-sides, or made bright thy skies above;
 And my dream goes farther onward, till for miles around I see

Fields, and barns, and cozy houses, and, too, here and there a tree,
 Dear reminders of the hardships of the blessed olden time,
 When they cheered their drooping mother with their happy evening chime;
 When they took from her the milk-pail, for they knew that she was weak,
 And would put their arms around her, and would kiss her pallid cheek,
 And tell her they were strong and well, and she must work no more,
 But sit within the vine-clad porch and count their earnings o'er;
 And must know that they were rich enough to buy her books to read,
 And all things that so delicate a mother e'er could need.
 And I dream a little farther, of a grave upon a hill,
 Where the falling orchard-blossoms, and the cricket's evening trill,
 And the music from the pebbles where the little streamlet ran,
 All brought sweet and gentle soothing to a trembling, weak old man,
 Who, at eve, with cushioned crutches, would climb up to reach the mound
 Where the idol of his manhood lay, all cold within the ground,
 Till one evening he was carried, with his shrunken cheeks so pale,
 And his hair and beard like snow-drifts by the stream across the vale;
 Carried, when the leaves were falling, to the mound upon the hill,
 And two white stones in the moonlight now are whispering, "Peace, be still."
 And I say, the brightest dreaming of the human heart so brave,
 Leads us through our "happy valleys" onward ever—to a grave!

GRATITUDE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

I BREATHE the fragrance of the wood,
 Its morning lyrics fill my ear,
 The violet bows her head subdued,
 The wind-flower softly trembles near.
 O heart of Nature! how I feel
 Thy wondrous throbbings in my own!
 In thy hushed presence here I kneel
 To catch thy softest, sweetest tone.
 Love seals the life-fount of the flowers
 When Winter decks the fields with snow,
 And Love unlocks the breezy bowers
 When Earth's brown cheeks with blushes glow.
 O heart of Nature! heart of Love!
 All time and space thy pulses fill;
 Thou warmest all, beneath, above;
 I bow in worship and am still.

A LESSON FOR HARD TIMES.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHTY.

"IT is going to be a hard year for us, Isabel," said a young house-carpenter, as he sat gloomily by the evening lamp, his head resting on his hand. "There will not be many houses built these hard times, and where we are to get money to live on is more than I can see."

"We shall not want a great deal," said his wife with a cheerful tone and smile, "if we only economize. I have been thinking of a good many plans, Alfred, by which we might re-trench our expenses, and live just as comfortably, too."

"But you have never been used to this pinching and turning to save a dime, and I can't bear to see you. If it were not for you and the children I would not care. We can not even clothe them respectably, I am afraid, and I can not bear to see them look shabby."

"Do not trouble your mind about that, husband. I am sure I can manage the clothing business very well. I was looking over my wardrobe of old dresses this afternoon, and I found several that would make over beautifully for Kate and Abbie. Then there is that full cloak of yours, that has been out of date so long. It might as well be made into clothes for Frank as to hang there useless in the cedar closet. The velvet facings will make a nice waist for Abbie, to wear with her white muslin skirt."

"What a contriver you are, Bell," said her husband, looking up with a brighter smile on his face than it had worn all day.

"Mother," said Frank, looking up from a number of "The Agriculturist" he had borrowed from a neighbor, "why can't we do something with our garden this Spring? The soil is as good as Mr. Stacy's, and he raises nearly all his early vegetables, and a good deal besides."

"I think it would be an excellent plan," said mother. "It might save us a good many dollars, vegetables are so high here. What do you think, husband?"

"I am afraid you would be disappointed in the result, but I am willing to make the experiment."

A good many projects were then discussed, and the husband and father found his spirits growing gradually lighter listening to his wife's brave, hopeful words, and seeing the same spirit reflected in the earnest eyes of his son, a thoughtful, spirited lad of eleven years.

When the little girls were awake in the morning they were delighted to learn of the wonder-

ful plan about the garden, and when the work was fairly begun they were much in earnest "to help." The kind-hearted brother never grew out of patience, though their assistance was not always of the most advantageous kind. Still they could hold the seed-papers for him, and Abbie was even advanced so far that she could put in "onion sets" right side up, and had two whole rows for her own particular property. Never was a garden laid out with greater pleasure; and if fond hopes and watchful care could speed the little germs, never did a garden start with fairer prospects. And when some tiny specks of greens first broke the black mold, they were hailed about as joyously as the arrival of the last steamer. Frank was faithful to his trust, and his father had much leisure to assist him. As the season advanced their hopes bade fair to be realized. It was a great occasion when Frank first saw on the tea-table some cool, fresh lettuce of his own raising, and a dish of stewed currants which were the result of his own industry in trimming up the long-neglected row of currant-bushes, and in removing the grass and enriching the soil about their roots.

From that time on their garden began to yield them excellent returns, and well repaid all the care and hard labor bestowed upon it. You can not tell how much a small piece of good ground can be made to produce, reader, if it is only laid out and attended to judiciously. If you will try your own little garden this Spring I dare say you will be surprised at the result.

Frank's mother was well supplied with green peas and beans all through the season, and a good many basins full were sent smoking hot to the table of some poor neighbor. There seemed no such thing as keeping pace with the thrifty, lawless cucumber vines, and many dozens were sold to the hotel-keeper, besides a sufficient store laid down for Winter pickles. The sweet corn, too, found a ready market. Plenty of tomatoes were canned and set away in the store-room, and a row of old-fashioned cups filled with delicious currant jelly were placed beside them. The gooseberry bushes seemed overloaded, and a great many wide-mouthed bottles were filled with them, sealed up air-tight and set away for pies in the Winter, for that was "father's favorite pie" always.

Perhaps some young housekeeper would like to know Mrs. Moore's method of putting down such fruits, and as it is very simple, and I know it to be a good one, I will just give you the receipt:

Cook your fruit with as much sugar as you like. Then heat your cans by pouring in first warm and then hot water. Pour out the water

and pour in the fruit *boiling hot*. Fill to the top, then tie over a bit of thick muslin. Cover it well with a cement made of resin and beeswax. Take care that the *edges* of the cloth are well covered, so no air can come in, and your fruit will keep as long as you please.

There are two or three other excellent methods of canning fruit, but this is the best for hard times, as it is the least expensive. It answers for every sort of fruit and all sorts of cans, tumblers, even pitchers, or tin-cups and bottles. How much the poor might add to their health and comfort by a little care and forethought in putting down a few bottles of fruit in the season for them, to be used in the long, dreary Winter, when their table fare is so limited! In most country places there are wild berries or plums which may be had for the gathering, and a very little expense would preserve them nicely.

Never did Mrs. Moore and her family look with half so much pride and pleasure on her housewife stores. There is a double joy in any possession which we feel we have fairly earned.

"It seems to me we never lived half so high as we do these hard times," said Mr. Moore laughingly as he took his place at the bountiful dinner-table, "and the curiosity is it do n't cost us any thing either."

"We must thank our industrious Frank for it," said his mother, looking proudly at her boy, whose sun-browned face glowed with more vigorous health than he had ever known before.

"And our good appetites, too," said the boy, as he proceeded with astonishing ease to clear his plate of the substantial with which it was loaded.

"It is worth a great deal to see him looking so hearty," said his father earnestly. "I was always afraid Frank would grow up delicate. I believe plenty of outdoor exercise is the best thing for him. He must not keep at his books the whole year round."

The spirit of economy entered into all of Mrs. Moore's plans of housekeeping, and the little girls catching her spirit were also fond of contriving methods for helping through the hard times.

"I wish we could do our washing ourselves, mother," said Abbie one day. "That would save us half a dollar every week."

"I should hardly like to," said her mother, "even if my strength was sufficient. Poor Mrs. Sherman depends on her washing to support herself and her two little children. We can better afford to pay her the half dollar than she can afford to do without it. Christ means just what he says when he bids us 'love our neigh-

bor as ourself.' In hard times it is the duty of those who can to employ poor people who have been accustomed to depend on them for work as far as possible. It is much more of a charity than to do the work one's self and give them the money to relieve their distress. The best way to help the poor is to teach them to help themselves. One needs much wisdom to direct, even in the matter of economizing; but the Word of God is the best guide in this, as in every thing else. If the spirit of the Bible dwell in us richly we shall seldom be at a loss to decide.

"It would save us five dollars a year to stop our magazine and paper, but I should feel that I might as well save it out of my children's bread. They contain just the fresh, wholesome food our minds and souls need, and we should lose a great deal in spiritual strength by doing without them.

"But now I will tell you what we may do. I wish to make two good puff bed-quilts before Winter, and new cloth for both sides would cost nearly three dollars. I think we can find pieces of old calico and gingham enough to set together in some large block-work fashion, and make both of them. You may help me if you will take care to sew very nicely."

The little girls were delighted with the project, and set to work very diligently to help rip apart some well-worn dresses and aprons, which, in due time, were neatly "pieced together," making one of those comfortable, home-like quilts which children love to remember, and which mother's hands used to tuck so snugly around the little sleepers in that low bed in the old cottage chamber.

So interested did the little girls become in their employment, that they saved carefully all the bright new scraps of calico and made them into a pretty patch-work quilt for their own room. It is a great thing to teach a child habits of industry and self-helping, but the practice is becoming sadly old-fashioned. Few seem to reflect that the clause, "Six days shalt thou labor," is as much a command as the one which says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

The hard times were over at length, and by God's blessing on their prudent economy Mr. Moore's family had been able to keep clear of even a dollar's debt. Mr. Moore had made the most of little opportunities, not despising even the humblest job of work that might earn him a dime. Plenty of those about him with larger incomes had incurred a heavy debt, that would depress every energy for years to come. The carpenter's family felt they had never spent a

happier year, and the lesson they had learned was of life-long service.

Hard times are here again, and the necessity of economy presses alike on the high and lowly. How many mothers, by making the matter a subject of daily thought and prayer, might help their husbands to pass through this season of trial with patience and comfort; and when in God's good time the darkness shall clear away, find themselves none the poorer, but richer than ever in faith in God's promises, in love for each other, and in respect and admiration for the brave, noble spirit the emergency has developed! Keep the head and hands busy and there will be no time for repining. Put your trust in God, and he has promised, "I will deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

WHO WERE THE ABORIGINALS OF NORTH AMERICA?

BY ISAAC SNUCKER, M. D.

"What is the best theory of the peopling of America? Who were its first inhabitants?"—*Query in January Repository*.

THESE questions are propounded by a correspondent in the January number of the *Repository*. I present the following as the "best theory" that my investigations have enabled me to form, and as the most plausible and reliable answers that can be given.

Christopher Columbus, near the close of the fifteenth century—1492-99—and his cotemporary discoverers, Sebastian Cabot and Americus Vesputius, found our continent, as well as many of the islands, inhabited by tribes who were utterly ignorant of their origin.

The tolerably well authenticated narrative of the expedition of Zeno, from Venice, in the fourteenth century, records the fact of the occupancy of the country—Newfoundland—by a race of men of unknown origin.

The more or less uncertain relations of Icelandic expeditions in 999, A. D., and during the three subsequent centuries; and also the Welsh expedition under Madoc, in 1170, A. D., all relate that the country was occupied by tribes of unknown origin.

The annals of Mexico give us authentic historic records of the Toltecs who settled that country, from the north, about the close of the seventh century; but these annals are silent as to *who* were their ancestors, and *where* they came from.

We thus arrive, by the aid of historical data,

at the *fact* of the settlement of our country for more than twelve hundred years. Many circumstances also accompany these data, or historical facts, tending decidedly to raise the presumption of an anterior occupancy for nearly as many centuries as are embraced in the historic period.

The question here forcibly presents itself, if the origin of the inhabitants of twelve centuries ago is unknown, how are we to ascertain where their ancestors, of many centuries before them, came from? Candor demands the admission that all theories on this subject are, at best, but conjectures, vaguely supported by *doubtful* testimony, or founded on deductions liable to be drawn more or less illogically from *supposed* facts, or from *premises* not well established.

Taking, as I do, most cordially, the Bible account of the creation to be true, I can not arrive at any other conclusion than that the original inhabitants of America came from the Eastern Continent. This was altogether practicable, by crossing the Atlantic from Europe by way of the Western islands, Iceland, and Greenland; also from Asia by crossing Behring's Straits. Thus far in these investigations there is not much diversity of opinion among theorists who have given their views to the world. The development theory of the author of "The Vestiges of Creation," is probably the most prominent exception; and if his theory were true I know of no reason why the lower animals should not have passed through the intermediate stages, by way of the monkey, orang-outang, and gorilla, and attained to their development in man, at as early a period in our world's history in the Western as in the Eastern Continent!

If, then, it is taken for granted, as I suppose it will be, that the earliest inhabitants of America were from the Eastern Continent, the question presents itself squarely, who of all the tribes, nations, and peoples of the "old world" first settled the Western Continent? My answer to this question is, that the theory which maintains that our original inhabitants were Jews, or at least of Jewish origin, is supported by the greatest weight of testimony, and is, therefore, as I think, the "best theory." Mr. Jefferson, than whom we have had no man more critical in his researches, far-seeing in his observations, or more profound in his philosophical investigations, in his "Notes on Virginia," written in 1781, expressed the opinion that the "lost tribes," or their descendants, found their way from Assyria into Eastern Tartary, and from thence into America by Behring's Straits; but with the loss, either partially or entirely,

of their national character, religion, and language. So large a number of people, he observes, must have soon associated themselves by traveling, commerce, and intermarriages with all of the surrounding nations, and of course find their way to this continent as any other Asiatics. Rev. Dr. Doddridge, whose writings, nearly forty years ago, upon the aborigines of America attracted much attention and made a deep impression upon the public mind, adopted and defended the views of Mr. Jefferson.

After the death of Solomon, the reader of the Scriptures will remember, the twelve tribes separated and formed two distinct governments; the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, under Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, established the kingdom of Judah at Jerusalem; and the ten tribes, under Jeroboam, organized themselves into the kingdom of Israel at Samaria. In the year 721 B. C., and two hundred and fifty-four years after the establishment of the kingdom of Israel, Shalmanezzer, the King of Assyria, besieged Samaria and carried the ten tribes into Assyria, and "placed them in Helah, and in Haber, by the River Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes," and thus terminated the kingdom of Israel. These events were narrated in the second Book of Kings several hundred years after their occurrence, by the historian Ezra, after whose day history loses sight altogether of the ten tribes as a distinct people; hence they are styled the "lost tribes."

Prideaux thought, when treating of the ten tribes, that they were totally lost and absorbed in the nations among whom they settled; while Sir William Jones and Dr. Adam Clarke believed the Afghans of India to be their descendants. Admitting this view to be correct, it by no means militates against my theory. They could easily have descended the Euphrates into the Persian Gulf, and then coasted around India, China, and Japan to Behring's Straits, or reached the same point by crossing Tartary and Siberia. The distance from Asia to America, across Behring's Straits, is only thirty-six miles, and even that short distance is interspersed with islands, so that, with a clear atmosphere, the navigator is never out of sight of land in crossing. But all difficulties in effecting the passage of this strait, vanish at once in the light of the fact that "it is frozen over every Winter." The journey from Assyria to America could be accomplished by the ten tribes, or their descendants, in less time than it took their ancestors to travel from Egypt to Canaan; but it is nothing in disproof of my theory if it took them ten times as long. Moreover, the two continents may have been united, at no remote period, by

an isthmus, and not separated, as at present, by a strait. The Arctic and Pacific Oceans were not improbably at one time separated by land, and became united in comparatively modern times. It seems quite probable, if not certain, that our continent was settled by immigrants from the Eastern Continent; and I know of no reason why Jews could not come as well as any other tribes, nations, or peoples.

An English author of great learning—Rev. Charles Forster—in his late work on "One Primeval Language and Ancient Inscriptions," asserts of the ten tribes, "that in process of time, having greatly multiplied in Assyria, a portion of them gradually migrated beyond the borders of Media and Persia, eastward in the direction of Chinese Tartary, where they were a peaceful, pastoral people, well versed in the law of Moses." The existence of a great Hebrew colony among the Chozan Tartars, he asserts, is as certain as any historical fact in the world, and that a large proportion of these Tartars became Jews or Israelites, professing the Jews' religion, and practicing the rite of circumcision. He says that many portions of Tartary abound in landmarks of Hebrew colonization, and that the traveler is continually walking among the foot-marks of a Hebrew population. The nomenclature of Tartary, as seen in the names of mountains, rivers, and cities, corroborate the foregoing. The heathen geographer Ptolemy, who wrote during the first century before Christ, gave the names of Israelite tribes living in the mountains of Chinese Tartary. Thus are the "lost tribes" traced from Assyria to Tartary, in the direction and on the lines of route toward Behring's Straits.

But the Jews might have reached our continent by voyaging westward, instead of traveling eastward. The learned author just quoted asserts that "Nebuchadnezzar, when besieging Tyre, sent forth expeditions by sea and land to sweep the Phœnician colonies along the coast of Africa and in Spain, and that a large body of Jews accompanied them as emigrants for the purpose of settling in Spain." Thus, as early as six hundred years before Christ, we have a Jewish colony in Western Europe engaged in building cities. Toledo, the oldest city in Spain, was built by them, and the oldest building in it is a Jewish synagogue! From thence, by way of the Western Islands, Iceland, and Greenland, to America, the voyage could be as readily accomplished by some of these Israelites as by the expeditions named in the former part of this paper.

The theory I maintain has been supported by arguments drawn from the similarity in sound alleged to exist in their pronunciation between

words in the language of the Jews and those found in the various dialects of our aboriginal tribes. Whatever support the theory receives from affinities discovered between the Hebrew language and the Indian dialects, it is less than is derived from affinities found between the latter and those of certain Tartar tribes in North-Eastern Asia, among whom Jews were known to have dwelt in considerable numbers, and from whence, after the corruption of their language to a great extent, as well as their religion, they probably made their way to America.* During the last fifteen centuries the people of the small island of Great Britain have spoken the Gaelic, the Welsh, the Saxon, the Norman-French, the English languages, and all the time about as many different *dialects* as there were heptarchic kingdoms or counties. The English language, as it has been developed from century to century, has presented itself in every variety of phase and diversity of form, so that the English of Chaucer and Wicliffe, of the fourteenth century, bears but a faint resemblance to the English of to-day; and at the present hour, such is the diversity of dialects in the "fast-anchored isle," that the "Land-ender," or Cornishman—the Yorkshireman, and the Northumberlander find it difficult, if not impossible, to understand each other.

When such great changes in language are known to have taken place among a people having a good degree of fixedness of habitation, and who enjoyed the favorable influences of a gradually-advancing and elevating civilization, how much greater the changes that must take place among roving tribes, upon whom rested the midnight darkness of barbarism! Having descended into the lower deeps of darkness—scattered over a land of almost boundless extent, and divided into antagonistic tribes or clans, with probably the idea even of science, literature, and religion almost universally effaced from their minds, how could their language and religion, under such adverse circumstances, be preserved so as to leave any thing more than the faintest traces of them discoverable at this day! If the centuries that have swept over the history of the aboriginals of America have left any of their landmarks uneffaced, or their footprints still traceable; in short, if any of the "works of the hands" of the primeval inhabitants of America have resisted Time's ravages, and come down to us through the ages that will tend in any degree to an elucidation of their

history, let us rejoice thereat and endeavor to give them a true interpretation.

Artificial hillocks of earth or stone, called *mounds*, are extensively scattered over our country. In Scotland and Northern Europe, where they also abound, they are called *barrows*—in Ireland and England, *cairns*—and among the Latins, *tumuli*. Our country also abounds, in many localities, in *earth-works* of various hights, principally of circular, quadrilateral, and octagonal forms.

Are there no "landmarks," left by their builders, discoverable in those mounds? Can we trace no "footprints," left by their builders, in these earth-works? Let us try.

In every quarter of the globe where *mounds* are found they have been ascertained to be, generally, sepulchral monuments. In most cases, when thoroughly examined, human skeletons have been found, generally between layers of charcoal, or in intimate connection with it. This method of burial was practiced by the Jews in Palestine in very ancient times. More than a thousand years before Christ, Absalom, the filibustering and rebellious son of David, being slain, the sacred historian in the second book of Samuel, eighteenth chapter and seventeenth verse, gives us the following account of his burial: "And they took Absalom and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great *heap of stones* upon him." Dr. Clarke, the eminent Biblical scholar and commentator, says, "This was the manner of burying heroes and even traitors, the heap of stones being designed to perpetuate the memory of the event, good or bad."

In the latter part of the seventh chapter of Joshua the following account is given of the Jewish method of disposing of the dead body of one of their offenders: "Achan, having stolen a Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold," when detected made a full confession, whereupon "Joshua took him to the Valley of Nahor, where all Israel stoned him, and raised over him a *great heap of stones*."

Again: in the eighth chapter of Joshua we learn that the Israelites captured a king, whom they "hung on a tree till eventide; and as soon as the sun was down Joshua commanded that they should take the carcass down from the tree, and cast it at the gate of the entrance of the city, and raised thereon a *great heap of stones*, which remaineth to this day." Thus did this *heap of stones* serve the purposes of a burial, and also as a monument to perpetuate the memory of the capture or hanging of a king.

The eminent author of "Cruden's Concord-

* See Dr. Barton, Volney, Mackenzie, Dr. Pallas, and other authors.

ance," who devoted himself indefatigably a long lifetime to investigations into the history of the Jews, says, "Great *heaps of stones*, raised up for a witness of any memorable event, and to preserve the remembrance of some matter of great importance, are the most ancient monuments among the Hebrews. In those early days, before the use of writing, these monuments were instead of inscriptions, medals, or histories. Jacob and Laban raised such a monument upon Mount Gilead, in memory of their covenant. Genesis xxxi, 4. Joshua made one at Gilgal, of stones of the Jordan, to preserve the memorial of his miraculous passage over this river. Joshua iv, 5, 6, 7. The Israelites that dwelt beyond Jordan also raised one upon the banks of the river as a testimonial that they constituted but one nation with their brethren on the other side. Joshua xxii, 10, 11.

Altars of stone for religious sacrifices were common among the Jews anciently. Indeed, on examining the Jewish Scriptures it will be found that the Jews were frequently directed to construct such altars. In Deuteronomy, chapter eight, verse thirty-one, it is said that "Joshua built an *altar of whole stones*, over which no man hath lifted up any iron, whereon they offered burnt-offerings." Moses commanded the people of Israel 'to build an altar unto the Lord; an *altar of stones*. "Thou shalt not lift up any iron tool upon them, thou shalt build the altar of the Lord thy God of *whole stones*." Deuteronomy xxvii, 5, 6. In the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, the Lord gives Moses the following command: "An *altar of earth* thou shalt make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt-offerings, and thy peace-offerings. And if thou wilt make me an *altar of stone*, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone, for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." In the eighth chapter of Joshua and the thirty-first and thirty-second verses, we learn that "Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel on Mount Ebal, as Moses had commanded the children of Israel; an altar of *whole stones*, over which no man hath lifted up any iron; and they offered thereon burnt-offerings and sacrificed peace-offerings. And he wrote there, upon the stones, a copy of the laws of Moses."

The prophet Jeremiah—chapter thirty-one, verse twenty-one—speaks of the Jews "setting up way-marks and making to themselves high places." Indeed, high places are spoken of in the Jewish Scriptures in about seventy different places. The *high places* of Jerusalem, of Judah, of Israel, of the earth, of Aven, of Isaac, of Aaron, of the priests, of David, and of other

persons and places, and in various connections, are mentioned by the Jewish writers as monuments commemorating persons and events, places of sepulture, and sacrificial altars.

Dr. Clarke observes "that many of the Jews sacrificed to the true God on their high places, but King Hezekiah removed them and broke the images, and cut down the groves because they were incentives to idolatry." Among the Jews of ancient times there was a great proneness to idolatry, and to a strange intermingling of religious worship, according to the Mosaic ritual and the rites of idolatry, as is clearly developed by the history of this remarkable people. Even Solomon permitted idolatry in Judea; yea, more, he established it, and consecrated to the obscene orgies of the heathen one of the hills of the holy city, in full view of the great Temple of his own building, which he had himself dedicated to the worship of Jehovah!

The theory I maintain, that the original inhabitants of America were Jews or Jew-Tartars—mongrels in race, nationality, and religion—who probably reached our continent before the Christian era, and who built our stone mounds—*great heaps of stones*—and our tumuli—*high places*—and for the same purposes for which the ancient Jews built theirs; namely, for monuments, burial-places, and sacrificial altars, is greatly strengthened by the fact of the great antiquity of these works. And that they are of great antiquity does not seem to admit of any doubt. Our Indian tribes appear to be totally ignorant of even any traditional accounts of the *time* of their construction; and many trees that have been found growing upon them indicate their antiquity. Volney, who visited Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, in 1796, states, in his "View of the United States," that "a tree which stood on the mound six or seven hundred paces west from the fort, having been cut down, by order of General St. Clair, was found to have four hundred and thirty-two circles of growth in it, and as one of these circles appears to be formed annually, this would refer the date of the tomb to about the year 1350." See "Volney's View," London edition, 1804, pages 486-7. Many years since a tree standing on the earth-works near Newark, Ohio, was cut down, and its concentric circles were found to be nearly eleven hundred in number, which proves that those ancient circular works, whose banks are still about twenty feet in height, were built as far back at least as the eighth century, probably many centuries earlier! The man who cut this tree—Mr. David Duke—in 1817, is still living in Licking county, Ohio, and no man acquainted with him doubts his statements or

questions his veracity. Other credible witnesses of the same fact are also still living.

While making some slight excavations, several years since, in the above series of earth-works, a stone of cuneiform shape, or wedge form, about six inches long, was discovered, which has, upon each of its four sides, an inscription in Hebrew characters! These are found to be quotations from the Jewish Scriptures, and as translated by Rev. Mr. McCarty, an excellent Hebrew scholar, read as follows: "The king of the earth;" "The Word of the Lord;" "The laws of Jehovah;" "The holy of holies!"

Sixty years ago or more there was discovered on a high hill, about eight miles south of Newark, Ohio, a monster stone mound. It had been built of stones over which no man had lifted up any iron, just as the Jews had been divinely instructed to build their altars of stone. See Joshua viii, 31, 32. It was a very great *heap of stones*, thrown up in a conical form, five hundred and eighty feet in circumference at the base, and before the hand of spoliation was laid upon it, was about forty feet high! The labor of a very limited exploration of this mound, made by Mr. David Wyrick, an old resident of the vicinity, in 1860, was rewarded by the discovery of a human skeleton, well preserved, together with numerous other relics; also a remarkable stone, incased in a stone box, about eight inches long, four inches broad, and three and a half inches in thickness. This box is of a rounded, oblong shape, and of a metallic color, lighter than copper. The inside stone is of peculiar shape, filling up the space in the stone-case, and is of a dark color, having the figure of a man carved on the upper side, with a beard, turban, flowing robe, and girdle round the waist, and over it the name of *Moses* is engraved in Hebrew. It has also engraved upon it—so says Rev. J. W. McCarty, A. Fischel, Theodore Dwight, B. Loderer, and other eminent Hebraists, who have examined it—the Ten Commandments, somewhat abridged, also in Hebrew characters. A portion of the first and the last commandment is engraved around the figure of Moses; the other inscriptions cover the remaining parts of the stone. The Hebrew employed in these inscriptions, says Mr. Loderer, has been in use ever since the third century, and he expresses the opinion that the stone was probably executed by a proselyte of some long past age, imperfectly instructed in the Hebrew religion.

Does not this appear very Jewish? Does it not look very much like the act of Joshua, who wrote upon the stones a copy of the laws of Moses? See Joshua viii, 31, 32. Does it not

furnish us with strong grounds for the belief that our mound-builders were Jews—Tartar Jews perhaps, whose religion and language gradually became corrupted and ultimately entirely lost, by reason of their commingling with pagan tribes in Tartary, Eastern Asia, or other countries, before they reached this continent? Here, in this mound, were the Ten Commandments found, carved in the Jews' language on a stone, which was found just where the mound-builders placed it; and as these commandments belonged to the Jews, and could come from no where else but Asia, where first promulgated, why is it not reasonable to suppose that the Jews came with them—brought them here—in short, were the mound-builders—the aboriginal inhabitants?

NOTE.—The above inferences, drawn from the Hebrew inscriptions on the stones found by Mr. Wyrick, are based upon the belief that he did find them as related, and that he has not practiced or attempted to practice, or is capable of practicing such a fraud, as the idea involves that he did not find them as he represents. No man capable of forming an intelligent opinion, and knowing Mr. Wyrick and the circumstances of the discovery of these stones, doubts his statements in the least degree. The stones were subjected to the ordeal and criticism of the *savans* of the American Ethnological Society, a committee of whom, at their session of last March, reported them genuine and of great antiquity. Similar opinions have been expressed by many other gentlemen of great learning and archaeological research.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDA OF BOSTON AND SPRINGFIELD.

BY S. M. CLARKE.

MASSACHUSETTS has, from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620 to this day, been the theater of remarkable events. No commonwealth has ever furnished the country with more illustrious statesmen or better soldiers, and all through our Revolutionary struggle her soil was moistened by patriot blood. The battles of Lexington—April 19, 1775—and Bunker Hill—June 17, 1775—witnessed the bravery of her sons, and their devotion to the principles of a free government. The patriotism of these stirring times, like that which now exists, pervaded the political atmosphere of her entire domain, and every man, when the time of action came, was anxious to encounter the perils and to perform his share of the labor. "In peace prepare for war" has been the maxim of this people ever since that troublesome era, and to-

day the official notification of an attack would find them fully prepared to meet it. When President Lincoln issued his proclamation in April, 1861, for 75,000 men to assist in suppressing the Southern rebellion, Massachusetts was among the first to respond to the call.

Boston, the capital of the State, was settled at an early day by the immediate descendants of the Puritans, and the peculiar characteristics of that people have become identified with its locality. Several buildings now in existence are the work of the pioneers of that era. One, standing nearly opposite the old South Church, was built in 1656, and the "old Province House" was completed in 1679. The first town-house was erected in 1659, and a printing-press was brought here by John Foster in 1674. In 1787 a destructive fire reduced many of the inhabitants from affluence to want. Lafayette, who was then in France, hearing of the calamity, immediately authorized Samuel Breck, a Bostonian, to draw upon him for three hundred pounds sterling, this amount to be used for the relief of the sufferers. Lafayette's letter has been preserved by the Breck family as a precious memorial of the distinguished French general.

Christ's Church was built in 1723. The steeple was blown down in the violent gale of October, 1804, and a new one was erected in 1807. In the tower hangs the only chime of bells the city has ever had, with the following mottos and devices upon them, namely:

"1st Bell—This peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ's Church in Boston, N. E. Anno 1744. A. R.

"2d Bell—This church was founded in the year 1723—Timothy Cutter, D. D., the first rector—A. R. 1744.

"3d Bell—We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America. A. R. 1744.

"4th Bell—God preserve the Church of England. 1744.

"5th Bell—William Shirley, Esq., Governor of Massachusetts Bay in New England. Anno 1744.

"6th—The subscription for these bells was begun by John Hancock and Robert Temple, Church wardens, Anno 1743—completed by Robert Jenkins and John Gould, Church wardens, Anno 1744.

"7th Bell—Since Generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall sing aloud its praise. 1744.

"8th Bell—Abel Rudhall, of Gloucester, cast us all, Anno 1744."

The corner-stone of the Brattle-Street Church was laid in June, 1772. During the siege the

building was used as a barrack by the British soldiers, and a shot from the American army at Cambridge struck the tower nearly over the front door on the night preceding the evacuation of Boston. The cannon-ball was preserved and afterward fastened in the spot it struck, where it now remains. The "Old South" church was built in 1730—the inside of it was entirely destroyed in 1775 by the British dragoons, who used it for a riding school. After the siege was raised the society refitted it, since which time it has been used for religious services. The "New South" stands on Church Green; the first building belonging to this society was erected in 1717; the present one was dedicated December 29, 1814. The first newspaper published in America was dated Boston, Tuesday, September 25, 1690, and answered to the following description; namely, it was a folded sheet, printed on three sides, with two columns to a page, and each page about seven inches by eleven. The Government soon prohibited the publication of this sheet—name unknown—the political character of which was in opposition to that of the colony. The population of Boston in 1860 was 177,962, and that of the State of Massachusetts 1,231,496.

Springfield has numerous attractions, aside from its commercial reputation, and is, therefore, entitled to at least a passing notice. The first settlement was commenced here in 1635 by William Pinchon and eight families from Roxbury. They named their hamlet "Agawam," which, in 1640, by a vote of the town, was changed to Springfield—a beautiful city, with the appurtenances thereunto belonging, has arisen to mark the spot where those feeble efforts at colonization were made. And a stroll through that portion of the town, now appropriated to the erection of costly dwellings, will richly compensate one for the time spent in accomplishing it. Nature and art have combined to render the scenery here all that the most fastidious could desire. The dwellings have an exterior of remarkable beauty, and the spacious yards and gardens have, in their management, received the fostering care of experienced horticulturists. A more desirable location for a residence can not be found. The prospect of a brilliant future will undoubtedly continue to influence the commercial reputation of these patriotic and enterprising cities.

GREATNESS.

GREAT souls are not those which have less passion and more virtue than common souls, but only those which have greater designs.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Sabur.

WORTH OF THE SOUL.—“*What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*” *Matt. xvi, 26.*

The problem of all spiritual problems is in these words; and well does it become dying mortals to seek its true solution. In order to approach an idea on the subject of the soul's value, let us ask the reader a personal question, namely:

What is your soul worth? Over how vast a territory of thought does this solemn question travel! There is no point in duration conceivable to the human mind, but infinitely beyond it the range of this inquiry extends. To answer the question, *What is your soul worth?* would require you to know, in the first place, what are the resources of heaven, with the margin of eternity to go upon, to *make your soul happy*. Where or how could you learn this? If the question was capable of an answer, how could a finite mind travel up to the moral grandeur of the idea? How could limited human intelligence conceive of all the possibilities of happiness to a redeemed soul in heaven, even though the mighty sum total of the idea were capable of a revelation? In no way can we approach the vast conception of the worth of the soul. We only know that we would have to know *how happy heaven could make that soul within the range of never-ending duration*, in order to have the beginning of an idea of the value of the soul. The unknown quantity in this vast spiritual problem can be approached by no human algebra! The result is infinite!

What is your soul worth? If you could answer the question just laid aside, there would be still another to answer, if you would tell me the worth of your soul.

What are the resources of perdition to make a human soul miserable on the basis of infinite duration? That question you would have to solve. But how or where would you begin to essay the reckoning involved in it? To count the stars of heaven, which are not infinite though innumerable, were an easy task compared to the discovery of the result of the misery which perdition can inflict upon a human soul in eternity! Infinitely greater is the difference between the number of the stars in space and this great result of which we are speaking, than there is between the most inconsiderable question in figures and the most abstruse problem in the *Calculus*. But why speak of infinity!

What is your soul worth? If the knowledge, reader, of all that heaven or hell can do in the way of making that soul of yours happy or miserable is requisite to answer this question, how important, how tremendously important is it that you act in practical recognition of the fact, that *your soul is worth every thing to you!* Ponder over how much, as far as the human mind can,

you will gain by securing heaven, and how much you will lose by losing your soul, and you will have motive enough to stir up and arouse every power and capability of action which you possess in one great lifelong effort to save that soul. Never forget the solemn, awful question of the Master, “*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*”

F. S. C.

A SOLEMN QUESTION.—“*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*” *Matt. xx, 6.*

This startling question is addressed to you, O sinner, by your very best friend—the precious Savior. You are not in his vineyard. Time and again have you been called to enter it; yet even to this hour the gracious call of Heaven has been disregarded. And is it not high time, impenitent friend, you were bethinking yourself and addressing all your ransomed powers to the vast concerns of human life? The vineyard of your Lord lies before you, and you are earnestly urged to enter it. A voice from on high is now solemnly calling you to duty—heed it and go to work at once into the vineyard of your Lord.

Why stand ye here all the day IDLE? You have a great work to do—a work at once demanding all your best energies and activities. Every fleeting moment of life is related to some serious duty you owe to God, yourself, or a dying world. And yet you are IDLE! You have—O the unutterable solemnity of that thought!—

“A charge to keep, . .

A God to glorify,

A never-dying soul to save,

And fit it for the sky,”

and yet the golden hours of life are circling away, and still its great work remains uncommenced—the first step not taken toward duty, safety, and heaven. Every angel in glory and every fiend in perdition is surprised at your being *idle*, when your eternal all is so seriously at stake!

Why stand ye here ALL THE DAY IDLE? Life, the season in which a title to immortality is to be secured, is but a day—a short day of twelve working hours. And yet several hours of this spiritual day have already passed; and yet you are still an *idler*! The day is passing on to a close, and ere long *all the day* will have passed. Already the clock of destiny has struck more than half, perchance nearly all the hours of thy life's brief day! With many of my readers it is past meridian; with some it is more than *three o'clock*; with others *FIVE o'clock*; while the fearful hour of

SIX will soon decide the solemn issue. And notwithstanding all this, thousands of blood-bought souls, for whom Christ has work in his vineyard, are living in utter forgetfulness of the rapid flight of time, and of their solemn nearness to the retributions of eternity!

All the day idle! Think, O sinner, of the already worse than murdered moments of your past life, and arise to a thoughtful appreciation of your danger and remedy. The vineyard, even at this late hour, is open. For the sake of your deathless soul make haste and delay not to enter it! Recollect that

"Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave!"

Why stand ye here all the day idle? WHY? Give the reason of your strange and suicidal course. It is not because you have nothing to do, of course, that you are idle. That can not be your reason. Nor is it that no man hath hired you, or rather sought to do so. In this respect you are unlike those about the marketplace, who told the Savior that no man had hired them. Christ and his ministers have urged you times without number to go to work in the vineyard. At this point, as at every other, you are without excuse. But if you will have it that no man hath hired you, through the Savior we now invite you to enter. We are permitted to offer as an inducement, that if you go earnestly to work in the Master's vineyard, the wages shall be ample. You shall have a hundred-fold in this life, and in the life to come life everlasting! What will you do? Decide at once.

"Now God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found."

F. S. C.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.—"*He giveth songs in the night.*" Job xxxv, 10.

"The inclosed little off-hand sketch," says a brother minister of the Philadelphia Conference, "I find among some papers left on my study-table by my good wife, and I have thought it might, with profit, be inserted in your Scripture Cabinet."

"After a day of anxiety, care, and sorrow, almost doubting if God loved me, I slept. He spoke to me.

"I thought I was walking on the banks of the beautiful Brandywine, and clusters of little modest violets grew along the water's edge. As I stooped to gather them I descried a spring of clear, limpid water gushing up from a crevice in the rocks. My tongue was parched with heat, my brow throbbing with pain, and the water looked so cool and refreshing that I took some in my hands, placed it to my lips, and O the thrilling, life-giving influence! Immediately I realized that my whole nature had undergone a change, and it flashed upon my mind that I had partaken of that living water, of which Christ had said if any man drink he shall never thirst. Throwing myself upon the ground I buried my face in my hands in an agony of fear. Remaining thus for some time, I was startled by the sound of music, and could clearly distinguish the tones of the tabor and timbrel, and the sweeter notes of the harp mingled with voices. I could hear also the tread of many feet as on the eve of battle. I

bowed my head lower hoping they would pass me, but they drew near and at length stood by my side. Some one touched me, and in accents the most harmonious and heavenly, which stilled my trembling spirit, said, 'Fear not, thou shalt never thirst again.' Raising my eyes I beheld the Savior with gentle, pitying face leaning over me. With outstretched hands I exclaimed, 'Jesus! Jesus!' Very tenderly he lifted me in his arms, saying, 'Come unto me, I will carry the lambs in my bosom!' O the quiet, the rest, the rapture!

"Looking back I saw a vast company, too great to number, clothed in white, while in their midst followed, close to the Savior, a band of little children, bearing palm branches in their hands; meanwhile music in strains beautiful, seraphic raptures, wafted to my ears. I raised my eyes to the Savior's, and a smile of radiant brightness illumined his countenance. Then I awoke—awoke reclining on the bosom of Jesus and with his smile resting upon me. All care was gone, and perfect peace possessed my mind."

I PARTLY BELIEVE IT.—"I partly believe it." 1 Cor. xi, 18. So said the apostle when he heard the report of the divisions and irregularities among the brethren in the Church at Corinth. Of this a Christian poet makes a use pertinent in its application:

"I PARTLY BELIEVE IT."

I CORINTHIANS XI, 18.

When Christians rarely, day after day—
Enter their closets to praise and pray—
"I hope I'm a child of God," then say,
"I partly believe it."

When Christians always are seeming gay,
And never warble a sacred lay,
Yet hope at last in heaven to stay,
"I partly believe it."

When Christians the Word do not obey—
Never a tithe to charity pay,
Then hope they're walking in mercy's way,
"I partly believe it."

When Christians very widely do stray,
And find no warmth in the Gospel ray,
Yet hope they're not as lifeless as clay,
"I partly believe it."

Such Christians often will change and decay,
Their deeds be scattered like blossoms in May,
Their hopes of heaven will vanish away,
I wholly believe it.

A. J. D.

YOUR LORD AND MY LORD.—"*Then came his disciples, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Pharisees were offended, after they heard this saying?*" Matt. xv, 12.

Mr. Dod having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which much prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman, who was one of them, came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

CHRIST is a flower, but he fadeth not; he is a river, but he is never dry; he is a sun, but he knoweth no eclipse; he is all in all, but he is something more than all.

Inquiries and Replies.

FREE AGENCY.—"Wherein does Christ's free agency differ from the free agency of other beings—say men—capable of responsible probation?"—*See Notes and Queries, February Number.*

Answer.—Men are naturally inclined to evil, but Christ was immaculate, and was, therefore, freer to good than are men, and herein his free agency differed from men. Men are free to perform the acts of a mere creature, but Christ was free to perform the acts of Deity, and, therefore, his free agency differs as the infinite differs from the finite. Men are not in personal union with God; but Christ's humanity being in personal union with the eternal Son could perform no act only as a divine person; therefore Christ's free agency is unlike that of men. Men are both prone and liable to sin; but although Christ, as possessing humanity in his person, was liable to objective temptation to sin, yet as all his acts, such acts as had their well-spring in his divine nature and such as had their well-spring in his human nature, or from both, were his acts or the acts of a divine person, therefore he was not thus liable to sin, and herein his free agency was unlike that of men. If it should be supposed that Christ's human nature, considered as separate from his divine person, could have possibly sinned, a sufficient answer to such a hypothesis is, that Christ's humanity, as subject to temptation, never so existed, and never will so exist to all eternity. I. L. H.

FOREKNOWLEDGE AND FREE WILL.—In the Ladies' Repository of December last "Inquirer" says: "About a year since some one asked in the Repository, whether God foreknows all events. Afterward some one answered, claiming that he does—the acts of men as well as other events. Now, we are here in a state of trial, on the part of God as well as ourselves. How can there be a trial when the result is known before the trial commences? If God knew before the creation of the world what would be the fate of the millions who have inhabited it, how could they ever be in a state of trial? Will you or some of your correspondents answer?"—*See Notes and Queries, Ladies' Repository for December, 1861.*

I propose in this paper to answer the foregoing interrogatories as briefly as may be consistent with the magnitude, importance, and supposed difficulty of the subject.

The predestinarian theory of foreknowledge is, that it originates in and depends upon predestination. It is affirmed that God can not know the events of the future, unless he has made them certain by his eternal decrees. One objection—and I deem it a fatal objection—to this theory is, that it makes the knowledge of God depend for its very existence upon the exercise of the attribute of power; so that at least in the order of cause and effect, if not in the order of time, Omnipotence must have existed prior to knowledge. "A decree formed in ignorance—an imposition this on common-sense."

Dr. Adam Clarke's theory is, "that God may know or not know as he may choose," and I think implies that he chooses not to foreknow the moral actions of men, lest he should interfere with their freedom. This theory is, in my judgment, liable to several fatal objections; but let one suffice. If eternity be an essential attribute of his nature, how can he be ignorant of the events of the time which he fills, unless he suspends the existence of his attribute of omniscience? Might he not as well cease to be omnipresent, and so keep himself ignorant of some portions of space geographically?

The true theory of Divine knowledge appears to me to be that God has a full and perfect knowledge of all time with all its events, in a manner similar to his knowledge of the events of all space geographically. By virtue of his omnipresence and omniscience he must have perfect knowledge of the space which he fills, in a manner similar to our knowledge of the events of the space which we fill. We live but a moment at a time and are confined to a locality, and in that locality and moment our knowledge is imperfect, from the fact that we lack the attribute of omniscience. But how can the knowledge of an occurrence produce or give certainty to that event? Would any event have been less certain had it been unforeknown? Knowledge arises not from the fact that all time is present with God, but from the fact that he is present, in *all time in all his perfections*. By his attribute of ubiquity he is present in infinite space. By his attribute of eternity he is present in all time. And *being in all time and space, he must know the events of all time and space, or cease to be omniscient.*

The second question propounded by the correspondent of the Repository is substantially: "How can we be on trial when the result is known before that trial commences?" Now, if our actions sustained the relation of effect to knowledge, as their cause, the question would be pertinent, and, for aught I can see, unanswerable. But the reverse of this is clearly the fact. The act or event is the cause, and knowledge of them the effect. The events which occur within the scope of my knowledge do not take place because I know them, but I know them because they occur. If I did not know them, they would occur nevertheless. If God's knowledge is confined to his own acts, or the events which he controls, then Mr. Fletcher very pertinently inquires, "What foolish old woman in the kingdom does not know that a silly tale will be told when she is determined to tell it?" L. C.

STATE CAPITOL INSCRIPTION.—Over the door of the old State-House in Columbus, there was a stone slab with an inscription in poetry. Will some correspondent of the Repository, who is acquainted with the lines and the author, be kind enough to furnish them, with the poem from which they were taken, to the Notes and Queries? What was done with the old slab, when the State-House was consumed by fire? W.

Squirrel for Children.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ANIMALS—JACK SKIP.—"I am afraid that son of Mr. Skip's will never do any good for himself, he is so idle. How sorry I should be to have such an idle son as Jack Skip!" "My poor neighbor, Mrs. Skip, must find that idle child of hers a very great plague." All these observations were made in Hazelwood, concerning a young squirrel, son of one of the principal inhabitants of the place, which was a great resort for these animals, from the number of nuts which were to be found in it, and from which it was named. "Jack, do you hear what your acquaintances say of you?" said his father. "Let them mind their own business," replied Jack. "I am afraid it is too true," the father went on to say. "Recollect that Winter is coming, and if you do not lay up a store of nuts and acorns for yourself, you will starve, for I will not help you any more. Your mother and I can only provide for your little brothers and sister; and as you are old enough and strong enough to take care of yourself, we will not be troubled with you." "I shall not want to trouble you," said Jack, and bounded away from the tree on which they were both sitting.

Jack was not lazy, for he was always jumping about; and even when others were contented to bask in the sun, he was running up and down the trunks of trees. His fault was, that he would not work, so that he very often was obliged to go without a dinner, unless he begged one from a friend, or perhaps his mother; it was not of any use to ask his father, who, by refusing, hoped to cure him of his idleness.

Three or four of Jack's companions were quite as fond of play as he was, so that they tempted each other, and one day they told him they were going to a garden full of nice fruit, and invited him to join them. They intended to sleep there and return in the morning, and also intended to have a great deal of fun. "Of course I shall come," said Jack. As they went along the next evening, Jack's father met them, and asked where they were going. They told him to Mr. Sumner's garden; and he begged of them not to do so, for a very watchful gardener lived there, who would most likely kill them if they were caught; but the young ones would not be advised, and saying they were not afraid, went on their way. They clambered over a wall and crossed a park in safety; but when they came near the garden they were very much frightened by two savage dogs who guarded it. One squirrel was wise enough to turn back; but the others said they would run fast to some high trees, from which they could jump over the garden palings, if Jack would mount that one close by, and take off the attention of the dogs. Jack, who was very good-tempered, went boldly up his tree in sight of the dogs, who barked furiously at him, while his friends made their escape. He sat quietly till his enemies were tired and went away, and then he joined his companions.

It was an enormous leap from the trees to the garden; but the tails of the squirrels guided them as they went through the air, and they all came safe into a plum-tree, where they began their feast. The gardener, however, who was walking about in the cool air, thought he saw something moving in the tree as he passed it, went softly up to it, and perceiving the bushy tail of one of the rogues, stretched out his long arm and took it in his hand. The squirrel gave a loud scream, which roused the dogs and frightened the others; and Jack, who had been too idle to go far into the tree, tried to scramble over the palings, and a dog gave him a squeeze with his great jaws, which so suffocated him that he was left for dead in the ditch. After lying there for some hours he gradually came to himself, and slowly crawled to his home in the wood. He never saw his friends any more, but he afterward heard that the squirrel caught by the gardener was shut up in a cage for life. He was very ill for

several days, but his father and mother nursed him very kindly, not finding any fault with him till he was quite well again. They then hoped he would be steadier in future, and if he did not like to stay with them and help his brothers and sister, he would get a house of his own and make it comfortable.

All this had for a time some effect upon Jack, and he really spent three days looking for a hollow tree in which he could live. At last he came to one with a nice hole in it, and he for a few hours worked quite hard, trying to clear away the rubbish which had fallen into it, by carrying it out between his paws and in his mouth; but, as usual, the idle fit came on again, and the clearing of the house stood still.

Now was the time for making the Winter stores, and the squirrels of Hazelwood might be seen very busily employed in carrying their stock to their dwellings; and Jack, rather ashamed of being the only one who did not work, resumed his clearing labors; but after carrying away a quantity of little bits of wood and rotten leaves, he persuaded himself he was taking useless trouble, and he could sleep on them as well as on the bare wood. His mother told him to get some hay to make himself a warm bed; but he did not, because it was too much trouble. The cold and wet came early in the Autumn of that year, and found Jack without any thing to sleep on, or to cover himself up with, and very little laid by for eating. At first he curled his thick tail round him when he slept, and ate the half-rotten seeds which were still to be found on the trees; but even these became very scarce, for the birds pecked at them, and Jack was very badly off indeed. He was ashamed to ask his father and mother to help him, and slowly crept in and out of his hole, in a lean and melancholy condition.

At last, after eating the dry bark of trees for some days, Jack went to sleep; and in January, after a whole week, he crept out of his house to get some more bark, and felt very weak. A heavy fall of snow came during his absence, and he could scarcely find his home when he returned. At last, to his great joy, he came upon it; but on getting into the hole he knocked some of the snow down, and as he laid himself upon it, the silly squirrel found it so soft that he stretched himself contentedly along it, saying it was softer than hay. But no sooner did the warmth of his body melt it than he felt the difference. There was, however, now no help for it. By the next morning the mouth of his hole was entirely filled up, so he ate a couple of acorns from his scanty provision, and settled himself to sleep. For six weeks he awoke only to nibble a morsel or two to keep himself from starvation, and scarcely turned upon his wet bed. Then came one of those warm days which frequently show themselves in February, just before the cold March winds begin to blow; and the sun melting the snow on the top of his hole, the wet came pouring down, and he was obliged to get up, in trying to do which he found he was quite stiff from rheumatism. He almost screamed as he tried to clamber up the inside of his hole, and he reached the top panting and gasping, and the tears streaming down his cheeks.

What was to be done? The only thing he could think of was to crawl to his father's house and ask for help. The sun's warmth a little revived him, and he managed to get there, but no longer deserving the name of Jack Skip; he even looked older than his father, who, with his two other sons, was sitting upon the bough of a tree, all quite well and plump. They saw Jack with his matted tail, his lean sides, his hollow cheeks and limping walk, and wondered who was coming. At last they knew him, and Mr. Skip cried, "Why, Jack, what is the matter? As we did not hear any thing of you, we thought you were very comfortable; and as you never told us where you lived, we could not find

you, though we looked for you in a great many places." Jack's mother then came out of her warm, comfortable house, and when she saw his miserable condition and heard him tell his story, she cried over him, and said she was sure that he was quite cured of his bad fault by this time, and they must think what could be done to make him more comfortable, for the fine weather which they had then was sure not to last long.

While Mrs. Skip was speaking, one of the children darted away to the house, and brought four nuts with him to Jack, saying, "Eat, brother, I can go without my dinner, for I have had a very good breakfast." Jack thanked him, and devoured them with great eagerness. All the family then agreed to stint themselves a little till food became plentiful, that they might spare some of their store for the poor half-starved Jack; and they went to his hole and found it in a terrible state. The father and mother cleaned it well; his brothers went to a haystack at some distance and returned with their arms full of hay, and when the hole was quite dry, lined it with this soft, clean stuff, and then his mother laid him down upon it, and afterward went to a meadow in the neighborhood and brought two of the bulbs of the meadow saffron, and desired Jack to bite a small piece off every night and morning, but to be very careful not to take too much, for it was very strong, although it was good for the rheumatism.

Jack was quite ashamed to see his young brothers working for him, and he made promises to himself that he would never be idle again, and he kept them too. His mother told him to go to sleep, and when she got to the top of the hole, she put her head in again and said, "Jack, I have put a

bush over here to save you from the snow, for I dare say it will come again soon. I, or one of your brothers, will come every morning to see how you are going on and rub your poor limbs. Good-by." "Good-by, dear, best mother," said Jack faintly; for his heart was so full he could scarcely speak a word.

With all these cares Jack was quite well by the end of March; and then he became so industrious that he was often able to help his brothers when they were in trouble.

If, among the boys who read this story, there should be a "Jack Skip," we hope he will not forget the lesson it teaches.

LOOKING FOR A SOFT SUM.—Little Edie is just commencing to cipher. She and her little sister were looking over some of the "sums" in arithmetic, when, after studying a little, Edie said, "O wait, Emmy, these sums are all hard; wait till I find a soft one!"

S. T. K.

HE HAS N'T TIME TO GO TO CHURCH.—Do the children take notice? This incident is significant. Three little girls were playing together, and among other things were talking about going to Church, when one said to the other, "Emmy, why do n't your papa go to Church?" When, with all innocence, the other replied, "Why, he have n't time; he have to fix clocks."

Parents, take notice.

S. T. K.

SISTER ADAM.—Our little girl, of four years old, was asked, "Who was the first man?" She responded, "Adam." "Who was the first woman?" She quickly answered, "Mrs. Adam." "No, my child, try again." Answer: "O, it was sister Adam."

B.

Monsieur Greenings.

AN INCIDENT AT ST. HELENA.—THE EXCITED FRENCHMAN.—J. Ross Browne relates the following incident as received from Mr. Carroll at St. Helena:

An Englishman, some years since, visited the tomb, and indited in the register a verse on the ex-Emperor to this effect:

"Boney was a great man,
A soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did lick him at
The field of Waterloo."

This was not in very good taste, nor exactly such an allusion as an Englishman should be guilty of at the tomb of a conquered foe. Nevertheless, it contained indisputable truths. A Yankee visited the place a few days after. Determined to punish the braggart for so illiberal and unmanly an attack on the dead, he wrote immediately under it,

"Eut greater still, and braver far,
And tougher than shoe-leather,
Was Washington, the man wot could
Have licked 'em both together."

The next visitor was a Frenchman, who, like all his countrymen, was deeply attached to the memory of Napoleon. When he read the first lines he exclaimed, with looks of horror and disgust,

"Mon Dieu! Quel sacrilège! Sans doute, l'Anglais sont grands cochons!"

The Yankee skipper's addition next attracted his eye. He started as he read; gasped, grinned, read the lines again; then, dashing his hands in his hair, danced about the room in a paroxysm of indignation, screaming, "Sacré diable! Monsieur Bull is one grand brute, but le frere Jonathan is one savage horrible! Sacré! sacré! I challenge him! I shall cut him up in vera small pieces!"

He called for his horse, rode post-haste to town, and sought the Yankee every-where. Alas, the bird had flown! A ship had just sailed; the skipper was gone!

HOW MEN GO INTO BATTLE.—How men go into battle, how they feel, how they fire or fight, are questions of deep interest just now. An army correspondent says:

You have often wondered whether the men wear their overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, and carry their blankets, when going into battle. That depends upon circumstances. Sometimes, when they are marching, they find themselves in battle almost before they know it. I remember that on the 18th of July, three days before the battle of Bull Run, some regiments of the army were marching toward Mitchell's Ford, a fording-place on Bull Run, when suddenly the enemy fired upon them, and the men had to fight just as they were, only a great many threw down their coats, and blankets, and haversacks, so that they could fight freely and easily. You also wonder whether the regiments fire regularly in volleys, or whether each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That also depends upon circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at a great fire.

Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form in a square, with the officers and musicians in the center. The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second rank fires as fast as it can. Sometimes they form in four ranks deep—the two front ones kneeling, with their bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them, they would run against a picket-fence of bayonets. When they form in this way the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and his rider goes down before the terrible storm of iron hail.

MONEY IN THE SOUTH.—A Norfolk correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch gives this graphic picture of the difficulties attending the present condition of Confederate currency:

Leaning over the counter a puzzled volunteer was endeavoring to reckon up the change just paid out by the sleek-haired clerk. Before him lay a quantity of mutilated bills, ragged and dirty pieces of paper, bits of card-board, printed checks, a few copper pennies, milk-tickets, postage-stamps, and other interesting specimens of the present outrageous "coin of the realm." Over and over again the puzzled volunteer essayed to count the pile of villainous currency, and over and over again he failed to find it satisfactory. It was too much for his rustic arithmetic; the problem was too difficult to solve upon only ten fingers. The bystanders laughed.

The money was spread out upon the show-case, as young ladies lay cards upon a table in telling fortunes, and the soldier stood before it searchingly examining every piece. "Do you call this money?" he asked, taking up a small yellow parallelogram looking very like the brass card on the top of a sardine box. "Do you call this money?" holding up an advertisement of fine Havana cigars—"and this"—a bit for 15 cents, in which some weak-minded printer had gone raving mad in different kinds of type. "Good for one shave; [reading slowly] Dick, the barber"—. "Do you call this money?" The sleek-haired clerk was puzzled also. "It'll pass all over town; indeed it will, sir." Once more the soldier scrutinized the ragged and incongruous pile, and grasping it in one hand, soliloquized: "So this is money—money? ha! I call it stuff. Why, a man might hold his hand full, and then have but 37 cents in money."

SENATOR CLEMENS ON THE SECESSION OF ALABAMA.—In February of 1861 Alabama seceded. Senator Clemens, who had, till then, breasted all the storms of wild fanaticism and clung to the flag of our Union, yielded to the popular clamor and unsheathed his sword in a cause he hated, and one he knew could not succeed. He wrote the following to a friend:

We are out; we have bid adieu to the Stars and Stripes, and abandoned the high privilege of calling ourselves American citizens. I am not ashamed to confess that I could not restrain my tears when the old banner, which I have followed through so many dangers, was torn down, and the flag of Alabama was raised in its place. I can not restrain them now when I am writing; but the deed is done—a new era has dawned, and all that I can promise is that no effort shall be spared on my part to prevent it from becoming an era of disgrace. If we are not involved in a war we soon will be. There is no hope of peace; and he is but little better than a madman who dreams of long exemption from invasion. I shall meet it when it comes as a soldier should, and fight through it as long as hope remains. When every thing is lost, as I fear it may be, unless wiser counsels should prevail than those which have heretofore directed us, I shall drag my body to the nearest battle-field, and lay down a life which has lost its value.

STYLE IN PUBLIC SPEAKING.—We confess that we weary of the contradictory distiches and interminable twaddle about notes and no notes in the pulpit—memorizing, reading, extemporizing, etc. But we do like effectiveness in the pulpit in whatever style it comes. And here is a system of homiletics after our own heart:

A minister is not a pulpit essayist. A minister is not a philosophical lecturer. A fine book style is not a fine pulpit style. The heart is the minister of the desk. The best style is that which brings the intellect down through the heart, and melts all its precious metal in that hot furnace.

Some preachers use a sort of air-gun. You hear no report, you see some effect. Others are real artillerymen, thunder-

ing and blazing. No objection to the artillerymen, if they will only throw balls; but it's rather funny to fire loud guns, and have very small shot.

Let every man keep to his own natural style. All children can't cry alike. Some cry easy, some make a great blubbering. All preachers can't preach alike. Personal taste should be rectified and then become personal law.

WOMEN PRAYING IN SOCIAL MEETINGS.—It has been from the beginning a characteristic of Methodism to make no distinction between men and women in the exercise of gifts in social meetings. Henry Ward Beecher recently gave the following eloquent utterances upon the subject:

A Church is made rich by the sum of the gifts of all its members. And the strangest thing in the world to me, is, that the Church, by a misconception of Scripture, has excluded from its benefit all the choicest parts of devotion. I mean woman's praying; for I do not hesitate to say, that, whatever may be the truth in respect to woman's speaking, God made woman to be the natural priestess, compared with whom we men are but clumsy specimens of, virtue shallowness. We have not the depth of heart that she has. And yet women are not heard to pray in our meetings; they that are almost born to the service of the altar; they that walk in daily familiarity with heavenly things; they whose experience naturally draws them in the channel of prayer; they never pray, unless over our cradle in childhood, when we do not know it. The Church has always been lean, and it will always be lean till women pray in its meetings. For the strength and riches of the Church are the sum of the gifts of its members. And I hold to this great comprehensive doctrine of Christian liberty: the right of the Church to the gifts of all its members, and in nothing more than in prayer.

WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?—As the telegraph wires have carried the news of our hard-fought battles and glorious victories over the land, thrilling the heart of the nation, there has been a deep undertone of sorrow. Many a fond mother has in mental agony inquired

WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

O, where is my boy to-night?
The boy who was bravest of all;
He went to the battle of Bight,
And said that he feared not to fall!
O, proud was his step when he went,
And deep was the gleam of his eye;
And I knew what his young heart meant
When he, faltering, said, "Good-by."

O, where is my boy to-night?
For I know that the strife has begun;
That many have fallen in fight,
And a glorious victory won!
Does he sleep 'neath the sod of the slain?
Has his proud form given its breath?
O, God! is my boy with the slain?
Who would only yield to death?
Be it thus, I've no fears that he sought
To shelter himself from the lead;
For he'd spring where it was falling most hot,
To rescue the dying and dead.
I feel—but I can not tell why—
That fallen he has in the fight;
That God has promoted my boy,
And tempered my soul to-night.

THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS ABSTEMIOUS.—Tertullian says that the primitive Christians sat not down before they prayed; they ate no more than might suffice hunger; they drank no more than was sufficient for temperate men; they did so eat and drink as those that remembered they must pray afterward.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

NANTUCKET.—Twenty-five years ago ninety sail of whaling vessels hailed from Nantucket—now only fifteen, and of these several are dismantled at the wharf. Formerly three-fourths of the hats worn here were broad-brims—now a Quaker is getting to be a curiosity. Years ago 10,000 sheep roamed over the island; last Fall not one was shown at the fair, and there are but a few left alive. The old salts talk blubber and sperm whales around kerosene lamps. Houses are selling at a tenth of their cost, to be transported to the main land and there reerected. Grass is growing in the streets.

SYRIAN RAILROAD.—How the world advances! A railroad is now in operation thirty-seven miles from Smyrna, toward Ephesus, and at a meeting of the company, held in London, the chairman, Sir Macdonald Stephenson, announced that in about a month the line would be extended ten miles, and afterward ten more, making fifty in all; this last ten miles being a deviation from the original line, by which they would reach a no less important point than Ephesus itself. The cool, business-like way of talking the thing over is refreshing to men of sentiment. Not a word about Diana, or any other goddess of ancient times; nothing on the subject of temples; no allusion to Paul or John, or the grave of the Virgin Mary; not even a passing reflection on Demetrius, whose business brought much gain to the people of Ephesus, and might be remembered at an Ephesian railroad meeting.

OUTDOOR PREACHING.—The London Review, of December 28th, says strange transactions distinguish the days in which our lot is cast. Had any one predicted a dozen years ago that the Bishop of London would preach in an omnibus-yard; the Rev. Lord Wriothsley Russell in a potato, fruit, and cabbage market; the Bishop of Oxford at a railway station, amid the hissing of steam and rolling of locomotives; and last, but not least, that every Sunday afternoon and evening, ministers of all denominations, rector, vicar, curate, Wesleyan preacher, and Independent minister, would take up their places in succession on the stage, and preach divine lessons to crowded audiences, he would have been set down as a fanatic or dreamer, yet these are the weekly scenes and the recurring acts of a drama, earnest, real, full of instruction, and rich in fruits.

COLORADO TERRITORY.—Colorado Territory is now attracting enough of public attention to deserve more than cursory notice. It is the former self-styled and self-organized territory of Jefferson, situated directly between Kansas and Utah. Covering 100,000 square miles of the public domain, inclusive of its gold fields, it contains a population of 35,000 people—males chiefly, whose non-resident family *attachés* are sufficient, if removed there, as most of them will be the present year, to swell the number to 125,000. Its climate is delightful, its soil productive, its mines abundant and rich, and its prospects of inviting to itself a large immigra-

tion at the close of the present war are unusually flattering.

LIFE OF JOHN ROGERS, THE MARTYR.—One of the most successful books issued in London during the present season, is a work written by one of our countrymen, Mr. Joseph L. Chester, who has been for several years in Europe. It is a biography of the famous John Rogers, the first martyr in the days of Queen Mary, a name especially in the remembrance of every one of New England origin. Mr. Chester appears to have made the most careful researches respecting his subject, resulting in very important discoveries, one of which is, that Rogers, in connection with Tyndale, produced the first authorized English Bible, heretofore known as the Matthews Bible, and of which Archbishop Cranmer declared it so good, that no one could hope to produce a better "till a day after doomsday." It is substantially the same version as is now used throughout the land. We must not omit to add that Mr. Chester proves John Rogers never wrote the verses attributed to him, published in the venerable New England Primer, the cause of many a weary hour of penance to the rising generations of New England.

QUICKSILVER.—There are extensive quicksilver mines in California. It is largely used there for separating the gold from quartz, and is also largely exported. The number of flasks exported from San Francisco, from January 1st to September 1st, was 21,552, having an invoiced value of \$691,088.

RED RIVER SETTLERS.—There is a curious confusion of tongues in this settlement. A stranger visiting this country is struck with the variety of our dialects, no less than with the variety of race. For such a secluded, isolated community, with little or no intermingling of foreigners by immigration, one would naturally expect to find us characterized by uniformity in language, customs, manners, race, etc. How different is the actual case! As to language, we have English, French, Gaelic, Chippewa, and Cree; and we do not enumerate all, but only those spoken by a large section of the community.

SCHOOL TAXES IN OHIO.—The State tax for the support of the common schools the past year was over \$1,200,000. To this was added, by local taxation for school purposes, over \$1,500,000, making over \$2,700,000 a year. Five million dollars have been expended in the last four years for school-houses, and the State ought to be pretty well supplied. The State fund will be left untouched, which will pay teachers for keeping up the schools the year round.

THE PENOBSCOT INDIANS.—The Penobscot or Old-town tribe of Indians, in the State of Maine, number 500. They have a school, at which the average attendance last Fall was 36. They own one hundred and forty-six islands in the Penobscot River, containing an area of 4,482 acres, and they have 1,000 acres under cultivation. This tribe has cost the States during the

past year \$7,428. The Passamaquoddy Indians numbered last Spring 463, being an increase of seven since 1859. Total number of scholars, 67. During the past year the number engaged in agriculture was 121, an increase of 31 over 1860. This tribe has cost the State \$2,560.

COTTON CULTURE IN ILLINOIS.—It is believed that cotton can be raised in Southern Illinois with as much facility and as profitably as in the cotton regions of the Southern States. A large number of persons have been raising it in that region for many years, and they have, under their careless mode of cultivating, succeeded in obtaining from 300 to 500 pounds per acre. At ten cents per pound, this gives from \$30 to \$50 to the acre, and, reckoning eight acres to the field hand, which is the calculation made of the slave production in an official report to Congress in 1852, we have then \$240 to \$400 as the year's product of one hand and eight acres. Many parcels of cotton seed have been distributed through the Patent Office, and one or two agricultural papers offer premiums for the best samples of Northern cotton, to be grown this year.

BIBLES PUBLISHED.—During the last eight months of 1861 the American Bible Society has issued 803,000 Bibles and Testaments, being 321,000 more than the issue of the like period the previous year. The average is about 4,000 volumes each working day, or seven volumes each working minute. This increase is owing to the great demand for the Scriptures for the use of volunteers, over half a million having gone for this object since the commencement of the war.

MILTON'S WATCH.—Sir Charles Fellows has bequeathed the watch of Milton to the British Museum in the following terms: "I give and bequeath Milton's watch to the Trustees of the British Museum, to be deposited in the British Museum, upon condition that the watch may be placed under glass, or in some other way be always kept exposed to public view."

THE BIBLE IN RUSSIA.—A great change is seen in the public disposition in Russia in regard to the Holy Scriptures, in the fact that at the present time the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in the Russian tongue are selling freely in the streets of St. Petersburg. Hope may be entertained that, with such a beginning, ere long the Word of God shall have free course and run, and be glorified in all parts of that vast empire.

DEATH'S DOINGS.—The venerable *Joshua Wells*, of the Baltimore Conference, died in Baltimore county, Maryland, on February 1st, in his ninety-eighth year. He was born in 1764, and became an itinerant preacher in 1788, thus being cotemporary with Wesley, Asbury, Coke, and the other founders and pioneers of the Methodist Church.—*Rev. Harrison G. O. Dwight*, D. D., for many years a distinguished missionary of the Presbyterian Church, was instantly killed by an accident on the Troy and Rutland Railroad, Vermont, on January 25th. The car in which he was seated was blown by a severe gale of wind down a steep embankment; and when Dr. Dwight was reached, three minutes after the occurrence, he was found dead. There was not a bone broken, nor so much as a scratch upon the skin.

Concussion of the brain produced his speedy death.—*Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne*, D. D., well known as the author of the "Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures," died at his home in London on January 26th, in his eighty-second year.

GUNNY BAGS.—These are made from the coarse spun fibers of a plant which grows in India, of which there are many varieties. On the Coromandel coast this plant is called *goni*, and "gunny" is a corruption of this name. The cultivation of the *chuti*, *jute*, or "gunny" has been carried on for centuries in Bengal, and gives employment to tens of thousands of inhabitants. "Men, women, and children," says Mr. Henly, "find occupation there. Boatmen, in their spare moments, palankeen carriers, and domestic servants—every body, in fact, being Hindoos—for Mussulmans spin cotton only—pass their leisure moments, distaff in hand, spinning gunny twist." The patient and despised Hindoo widow earns her bread in this way. It is said that three hundred thousand tuns of jute are grown in India, of which one hundred thousand tuns are exported as gunny bags, besides one hundred thousand tuns in a raw state. The gunny bag is used for a great variety of purposes. Sugar, coffee, spices, cotton, drugs—indeed, almost every article which we pack in dry casks and in boxes, is, in the East, packed in gunny bags. It is also made into mats, carpets, ropes, paper, and various other articles. It is related that the old gunny bags which contained sugar are sold to the beer makers, who sweeten their beer by boiling the sugar out of the bags and then sell them to the mat makers. Some six to ten millions of gunnies are annually exported to England and America, besides some four or five thousand tuns of the rope and raw jute.

WEARING THE BEARD.—The fashionable growth of the beard, has affected the trade of the barbers to a degree which is hardly credible, were it not for statistics upon the subject. In Philadelphia alone, the number of barber-shops has become reduced from over two hundred to less than one hundred; the shaving brushes manufactured have declined one-sixth, and the importation of razors has declined in a corresponding ratio.

TAXATION, HERE AND IN ENGLAND.—The American people have hitherto been happily exempt from taxation. The revenue for the expenses of our economical Government—never exceeding eighty millions of dollars per annum, except in time of war—has been raised almost exclusively from import duties. Direct taxes have been wholly unknown to us as a source of Federal revenue, except for a brief period during our last war with England. In Great Britain every thing is taxed except bread—but not excepting daylight—to raise an annual revenue of three hundred and fifty to four hundred millions of dollars, in time of peace. The chief sources of this enormous revenue are the income tax, excise duties, stamp, and import and export duties. Promissory notes, bills of exchange, wills, deeds, contracts, insurance policies, etc., must be written on Government stamped paper, to render them legal. From this source the Government realizes about thirty-seven millions of dollars annually. A similar tax levied in this country would yield a much larger amount.

Library Notices.

(1.) **HISTORICAL LECTURES ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST:** *being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1859. By C. J. Ellicott, B. D.* 12mo. 382 pp. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard.—The author aimed in these lectures to produce a practical and useful book, adapted to every class of general readers. He made it his first object to arrange, to comment upon, and, as far as possible, to illustrate the principal events of our Redeemer's earthly history; to show their coherence, their connection, and their varied suggestive meanings; to place, as far as possible, the different discourses in their apparently true chronological positions. All this he has, however, subordinated to the effort to set forth the transcendent picture of the life of Christ, viewed as one divine whole. How the author enters upon his work, and the genius and spirit he brings to its execution, may be gathered from the only paragraph our space will allow us to copy: "It is the deep feeling that every effort, however humble and homely, to set forth the groupings, the harmonies, and the significances of that holy History, is a contribution to the spiritual necessities of our own times that has now moved me to enter upon this lofty theme. Here it is, and here only it is, that our highest ideal conceptions of perfection find only still higher practical realizations. Here it is that, while we humbly strive to trace the lineaments of the outward, we can not fail if we be true to God and to our own souls, to feel the workings of the inward, and while the eyes dwell lovingly on the inspired outlines of the history of Jesus, and of him crucified, to feel his image waxing clearer in the soul, his eternal sympathies mingling with our infirmities, and enlarging into more than mortal measures the whole spiritual stature of the inner man."

(2.) **PERSONAL MEMOIRS:** *together with a Discussion upon the Hardships and Sufferings of Itinerant Life; and also a Discourse upon the Pastoral Relation. By Rev. Robert Boyd, of the Pittsburg Conference.* Cincinnati. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock. 228 pp. Price, 50 cents.—This is an entertaining book; but of the style of the entertainment furnished its readers must be their own judges. In the second part of the work the author speaks plainly of the unnecessary hardships of itinerant life, and gives from his own experience some useful hints both to preachers and people. Its circulation will, doubtless, do good.

(3.) **A STRANGE STORY.** *By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Illustrated by American Artists.* 8vo. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

(4.) **MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN.** *By John S. Hart, LL. D., Editor of the Sunday School Times, and late Principal of the Philadelphia High School.* 12mo. Muslin, gilt. Price, 50 cents; paper covers, 25 cents. Published by J. C. Garrigues, 148 South Fourth-Street, Philadelphia.—This admirable discourse, already noticed by us, has made its reappearance in a new and more

beautiful typographical dress. It is one of the few anniversary addresses which possess permanent interest, and we are glad to see it put in permanent form.

(5.) **DR. CRARY'S ANNUAL REPORT**, as Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Minnesota, makes a pamphlet of nearly 200 pages, and is replete with the educational statistics of the growing State of the North-West.

(6.) **LONGVIEW ASYLUM.**—We are indebted to Dr. W. H. M'Reynolds for the Annual Report of this magnificent Asylum for the Insane, located in the suburbs of Cincinnati.

(7.) **HARPER'S MAGAZINE**—25 cents per number, or \$3 per annum—is kept on sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

(8.) **THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW**, for January—republished by Leonard Scott & Co.—has the following table of contents: 1. Law in and for India. 2. The Dramatic Poetry of Oehlenschläger. 3. The Religious Heresies of the Working Classes. 4. Income Tax Reform. 5. Admiral Sir Charles Napier. 6. On Translating Homer. 7. Popular Education in Russia. 8. The American Belligerents—Rights of Neutrals. 9. The Late Prince Consort. 10. Contemporary Literature.

(9.) **REPORT OF SANITARY COMMISSION.**—Whatever can mitigate the horrors of war, whatever can meliorate the discomforts of camp life, and whatever can bring relief to the sick, the wounded, and suffering soldier, can not but claim the attention and the sympathy of a Christian people. This is the more incumbent upon us from the fact that our great army of vindication and retribution is made up of men who do not make war a profession or livelihood, but who have volunteered for the single purpose of sustaining the Government.

(10.) **THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER; or, A Chronicle of Mistakes.** *By Miss Yonge, Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. In two volumes.* 12mo. Paper covers. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.—The writer's reputation should be a sufficient guarantee for the character of this her last work.

(11.) **THE DRAMA OF SECESSION; or, Scenes from American History.** *By W. H. Barnes, A. M.* Paper covers. 18mo. 60 pp. 25 cents.—This drama is a sort of mask, in which the States are among the characters represented. The author dedicates his book as follows:

"With a prayer for the cause
Of land and laws,
We offer these pages
To those of all ages
Whose loyal hearts
Act patriot parts."

Editor's Chair.

ECHO LAKE.—This beautiful engraving is from an original picture by Mr. S. R. Gifford. Its locality is in the Franconia Notch, White Mountains, that inexhaustible source of the wild, the picturesque, and the grand, from which our artists are now drawing some of their most elaborate and beautiful pictures. To Mr. Gifford, who ranks deservedly among the first men in his profession, we are indebted for the use of the original, sketched and painted by his own hand. As to the style of the engraving, the verdict of our readers will give it a high place in that unequalled series produced for the Repository by Smillie, Hinshelwood, and Wellstood.

THE WESTERN BOOK COMMITTEE.—This important body, in connection with the Agents and Editors, held its session for 1862 in Chicago. The Committee is composed of men distinguished for their straightforward business qualities; and though every interest of the Western Book Concern received thorough and critical examination, the work of the Committee was completed in a single day. The management and results of the Western Book Concern seemed to be highly satisfactory. The entire business transacted during the year was about \$260,000, and the net capital at the end of the fiscal year \$259,438.23. There has been a falling off in some of the departments, but it is far less than was apprehended. The session was very harmonious, and the brethren parted in the best of spirits, feeling that the day of peril had passed, and that the Western Book Concern had nobly weathered the storm of war.

FOREKNOWLEDGE AND FREE WILL.—We have had a number of able and well-put responses to the query on this subject, which appeared in our December number. That in the present issue was originally read before "The Lansing District Ministerial Association," and at their special request forwarded for publication.

THE WESTERN VIRGINIA CONVENTION.—The following eloquent passage is the closing paragraph of a speech, delivered by Rev. G. Battelle in support of a motion, made in the Western Virginia Convention, by him to ingraft a gradual-emancipation clause upon the new Constitution. The failure of the Convention to enact that clause must be subject of profound regret:

My past and my present are here; and if Heaven please, my future will be here, to enjoy or suffer with this people whatever in his providence may yet be in store for us. It has been as a fellow-observer, and, I will add, as a fellow-sufferer with them, that my judgment of the system of slavery among us has been formed. We have seen it seeking to inaugurate, and in many instances all too successfully, a reign of terror in times of profound peace, of which Austria might be ashamed. We have seen it year by year driving out from our genial climate, and fruitful soil, and exhaustless natural resources, some of the men of the very best energy, talent, and skill among our population. We have seen also, in times of peace, the liberty of speech taken away—the freedom of the press abolished—and the willing minions of this system in hunting down their victims, spare from degradation and insult neither the young, nor the gray-haired veteran of seventy winters, whose every thought was as free from offense

against society as is that of the infant of days. And last, but not least, we have seen its own chosen and favored interpreters, standing in the very sanctuaries of our political Zion, throughout the land, blaspheming the holy principles of popular liberty to which the very places where they stood had been consecrated, by dooming my child and every man's child that must live by labor to a virtual and helpless slavery. And as the natural outgrowth of all this, we have seen this huge barbaric raid against popular rights, and against the world's last hope. It has been the merit of other attempted revolutions that their motive at least was a reaching upward and forward after liberty; it is the infamy of this that it is a reaching backward and downward after despotism. It would put back the hand on the world's dial a thousand years. It would put out the world's light in the darkness of utter despair. Surely, to the extent that we have suffered from these ills, our very manhood calls upon us to guard, by all reasonable preventives, against their return.

PLAGIARIZING.—One of our correspondents, in a private note, makes the following remark about plagiarizing, which will no doubt apply to very many cases:

I am continually troubled in writing with the fear that I may have unconsciously been guilty of plundering the thoughts of others; "but," as Dr. Holmes says, "I do not remember that I ever once detected any historical truth in these sudden convictions of the antiquity of my new thought or phrase." So if I am ever found guilty of plagiarism, I shall at least have the excuse that I am ignorantly so.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—A long list of articles is before us, for the most part approved. But much time must elapse before we can find place for the half of them. Others hardly come up to our standard, or are not exactly adapted to our columns, and are, therefore, respectfully declined. Some of these articles are from brethren whom we would not willingly disoblige.

Prose.—The Lion and Unicorn, and Eagle—an English Woman's Pleas for America; The Old Yellow House; Ten Years Between, or Romance and Reality; Images of the Soul; The Beauties of the Gospel; The Soldier's Dream—laid aside with some hesitation; What we call Casualties; Genius.

Poetry.—Fun in the White House; Alone; All is Well—good, except a few unmusical lines; The Heart Transferred to Heaven; Life's Unwritten Romance—reads smoothly, but meaning indistinct; Beautiful Clay Lies under the Snow; Mother; An Acrostic; Friendship—ideas good, expression faulty; To Beaufort; Willie is Dead; Awake, my Harp; The House of Envy—a translation from Ovid, quite faithful to the original—though a free translation—and with some poetic merit. The picture is as horrid as truthful, but too Romanesque for a modern description; The Grave of Pontiac; Aspiration—the delicacy of the conception is not fully sustained in the poetry; Hover over Me—the author says, "In reading the Memoir of Mrs. Jane Trimble, I was struck with the beauty of the last words spoken by her dying son, 'Mother, hover over me,'" My Boy; and The Triumph.

THE ABORIGINALS OF NORTH AMERICA.—This answer to a query in our January number was too long for the Notes and Queries department. The reader

will find in it an excellent summation of the arguments for the theory that the aboriginals of our country were the descendants of the "lost tribes" of Israel. It is for this reason, and not because we indorse the theory, that we have published the article. The Hebrew inscriptions on the stones found by Mr. Wyrick may be "genuine and of great antiquity." But is the Hebrew character, in which they are engraved, precisely that used by the Hebrews at the period of the separation of the ten tribes? Again: were the "lost tribes" *ever lost in reality?*

SOUTHERN METHODISM AND THE REBELLION.—That the Methodist Church South is largely responsible for the rebellion is palpable to all. From the time the Southern Methodists seceded from the Church because they were not allowed to have a slaveholding Bishop, their downward progress has been fearfully rapid. They furnish a striking illustration of Pope's oft-quoted couplet about familiarity with vice:

"But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The Southern Methodists first "endured" slavery, acknowledged it to be a "great evil," then they "pitied"—not the slave—but the slaveholder who had been ensnared so very innocently and yet so inextricably in the meshes of the great system; finally they "embraced" it—saying to this "great evil," be thou our good; and religion, and reason, and conscience were subordinated to this ministry. They began by "rending the body of Christ." No wonder that in the end they struck hands with Satan for the overthrow of the best government on the face of the earth. Lack of fealty to the Church was soon followed by treason to the State.

Look at the facts. Southern Methodist papers, Conferences, and ministers have been foremost in fomenting the rebellion. We see it in their cooperation with the "border ruffians," who sought to overrun Kansas; we see it in their leadership of the mobs which have broken up our Conferences in Texas, pursued and killed our preachers in the highway in Missouri and Arkansas, and wasted and scattered our people in all these States; we see it in the indorsement of the rebellion by their Conferences, in its unblushing advocacy by their press, and in the support given to it by the bishops and ministers of the Church South. Had the Methodists of Maryland gone with the Church South in 1844, the State would have gone with the secessionists in 1861. Nothing else than her adherence to the old Methodist Church saved Western Virginia from plunging into that abyss of crime and ruin in which Eastern Virginia is so completely engulfed. Missouri, where, in 1844, the true Methodism of the State was crushed out by the iron heel of power, sits desolate and alone. Some honorable individual exceptions are found in all the border States. Amid the fiery storm that was sweeping away every thing sacred and patriotic around them, they have stood firm in their fealty to the commonwealth. Such men will not be likely to remain long in a communion so blackened with the dark crime of treason. In Kentucky there are many true and noble patriots, both in the ministry and membership of the Methodist Church South. They repudiated and rebuked the treason sent forth in the

columns of the Nashville Advocate. And well was it for the Methodism and people of Kentucky that these traitorous sheets were at an early date excluded from circulating among them. Yet for a time the State vibrated in the balance. It was saved only as by fire. It remains to be seen what ecclesiastical position they will assume when this rebellion is crushed out.

When the history of this rebellion shall be written—when its causes and its agencies shall be fully known and exposed, not a small portion of the responsibility must fall upon the Methodist Church South.

PROGRESS OF THE NATIONAL CAUSE—THE ISSUE.—We closed our last number somewhat jubilant under the inspiration of the first general order of the new Secretary of War. It looked as though *work was intended*. And certainly *work* has followed. Our recent victories are the sure presage of the coming triumph of our national cause. The events of the past few weeks make a brilliant chronicle in our national history. The victories of Garfield in Eastern Kentucky and of Thomas at Mill Springs, have been followed by others still more brilliant and decisive. The capture of Roanoke Island, together with the entire control of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and the harbors, rivers, and cities bordering upon them, threatening the rear of both Norfolk and Richmond, is a flank movement of the most important character. The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson—the latter after the greatest and hardest-fought battle that ever occurred upon the American continent, and involving the loss to the rebels of a whole army with all its munitions—was a stunning blow to their cause. The evacuation of Bowling Green, the evacuation of Clarksville, the evacuation and flight from Nashville, and finally the evacuation of Columbus, the Gibraltar of the Mississippi rebeldom, complete the series of rebel disasters in Kentucky and Tennessee to this date. They show that the rebel forces are demoralized and the rebel cause prostrate in all that region. The exploit of the lamented Lander at Bloomery's Gap and the advance of General Banks into the Shenandoah Valley, are, we trust, only precursors of other and grander movements of the great army which has so long been "quiet along the Potomac." In Missouri our successes have been equally marked. The fugacious Price—long trained to running—has been put to the top of his speed. His progress southward through Western Arkansas has been less triumphal than *destructive*.

All these, we trust, are but the beginning of victories which shall make the pillars of rebellion tremble to their fall, and fill the arches of the temple of liberty with the joyful shouts of exultant freemen. And yet we must not hide from ourselves the fact that other battles are yet to be fought, other gallant martyrs to the cause of freedom yet to be offered up, and other sad reverse may yet be experienced. Perhaps we have not yet made *one-half* of the great sacrifice which is to expiate our national guilt. Indeed, we have not yet passed the point where we are saved from the peril of compromising with that crime and bequeathing its final expiation to our children. Compromising with slavery and making concessions to it, not called for by the Constitution, have been the source of untold evil to the nation. It has corrupted the public service in all the departments of the Government; it has tainted the

political atmosphere, and in the end it brought our whole Government to the very verge of ruin. It now remains to be seen whether enough of public virtue remains in the nation to save us.

FALLEN HEROES OF THE WEST.—While we exult in our recent national victories, let us not forget the fallen heroes whose blood is the price at which they have been bought. Illinois and Indiana have gloriously borne the palm in the great struggle at Fort Donelson, and many a home in both those States now mourns a lost one that will never return. We reiterate the fact, and it is a fact that ought to cause every patriot heart to throb with gratitude to the dead and sympathy with the bereaved, that these men—fathers, brothers, lovers, sons—went out from prairie farms, and Western workshops, and counting-rooms; and there, in the snow-clad ravines of the Cumberland, each by himself, offered up a life as dear to him as ours to us, for his country. They sleep in their cold shroud there, that we may enjoy comforts and privileges here. They have borne cold, and frost, and storm; they have met the fury of the cannon blast; they have charged on the deadly breach, that we might have a free and honored Government. A thousand homes are desolate. Gray-haired fathers—sons who are the supports of widowed mothers—young men in their prime and youth, in the first flush of life, have gone forth to death on that immortal field, that they might preserve freedom, and justice, and government to their countrymen. On those silent graves by the banks of the Cumberland will be built up all that our posterity shall enjoy of order, and government, and union; and future historians will ascribe to those wintry days of battle the success and permanency of a great and glorious republic.

All honor, then, to the fallen heroes of the West! Their triumph determines the destiny of the great valley of the Mississippi; their heroic achievement was the breaking of the morning light upon the dark night of the Republic! Bereaved friends, let it comfort you to know that your dear ones have fallen fighting gloriously for all that is dear to an American freeman; let it cheer you to know that they did not die in vain! Bereaved wife, that husband's life was an offering at the shrine of his country. With wondering interest will those little orphaned boys receive from your lips the story of their father's heroism, and it shall fire their young hearts with a quenchless love of country. Bereaved mother, let it comfort thee to know that the last earthly thoughts of thy hero son were of mother and of home, and for these he was willing to die. Sister, not loosened are the ties that bound thee to thy noble brother; for now is he doubly noble and doubly dear to thy heart; and in the years to come with conscious pride, not unmingled with the deepest sentiment, wilt thou claim for thyself the honor of a brother fallen in the service of his country.

But not those alone who perished upon the field of battle shall wear the honors of "fallen heroes." The man who dies in camp, or upon the march, or by accidental death while in his country's service, is entitled to the same honor with him who falls in the thickest of the fight. He dies for his country.

The blood of the martyrs has ever been the seed of the Church. Will not the blood of our heroes be the seed of freedom to the nation?

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—At the annual meeting of the Western Book Committee a special committee was appointed to make an appeal to the Church in behalf of the Central Christian Advocate. The importance of the subject, involving as it does our great Church interests in the South-West, entitles that appeal to a place in our columns. We, therefore, append it entire, and earnestly invite the attention of our readers to it:

The condition and necessities of the Central Christian Advocate have already been placed before the Church. The Agents of the Western Book Concern have done and will do all they can to sustain it. But their power is limited, and these are not times to warrant agents in exceeding the powers vested in them.

Could we speak to the whole Church, its response would be unhesitatingly and unanimously—**THE CENTRAL MUST LIVE.** It is the pioneer flag of our old Methodism—true to God and true to the country—waving over soil wrongly wrested from the Church, and destined to be redeemed. If the Central was ever necessary—and who can doubt it?—it is tenfold more necessary now. Since the Methodist Episcopal Church South has become so deeply complicated with treason and rebellion, all true-hearted, Union-loving men will be moved to come out of her. The loyal citizens of the States will become suspicious of her claims, character, and influence. Our Conferences will no longer be mobbed, our ministers will no longer be persecuted and murdered, and our members will no longer be peeled and wasted. It is no time to strike our flag when the clarion notes of victory are already beginning to make jubilant all true and loyal hearts. It must not be done. Now is the time to place the old Methodist Church—just as she was before she was rent and torn by the proslavery faction of 1844—before the people of Missouri and the South-West. The public mind in all that region is in a transition state on the question of slavery. Now is the time to aid its crystallization in the form of truth. We can do this best of all, and most efficiently through a paper printed upon the spot.

We will not enter into detailed statements. We will not enter into labored arguments. We will only ask the thinking men of the Church to look at the subject, and to consider the vast interests that are at stake. It is not the cause of a single Conference, of a single Church, or of a special locality, but it is the cause of God and of humanity in *whole States and Territories* that is to be affected by this issue. The paper ought not to go down, and least of all in such a time as this. It would be a burning shame to the Church. It would convict her either of not comprehending the magnitude of her mission, or of lacking the enlightened liberality necessary to its achievement. And yet we speak advisedly, giving utterance to the unanimous sentiment of the Western Book Committee, at whose instance and appointment we make our appeal, when we say that without timely and efficient pecuniary aid, this calamity to our cause and this dishonor to the Church are inevitable.

What, then, is to be done?

1. Let every one, no matter in what part of the Church he lives, inclose \$1.50—the price of one year's subscription—to Thomas J. Maslin, the Agent at St. Louis, Missouri, and thus become a subscriber to the paper.

2. We invoke the liberal-minded friends of the cause to second the proposition of Bishop Morris to raise a fund in the form of a donation to support the Central this year. For this purpose please forward at once \$1, \$5, \$10, \$100, or any other number of dollars, to T. J. Maslin at St. Louis; to W. M. Doughty, Chicago; Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati; S. H. Nesbit, Pittsburg; I. S. Bingham, Auburn, New York; Carlton & Porter, New York city; or E. O. Haven, Boston; and these brethren will see that said contributions are acknowledged weekly in the papers where they are received.

[Signed,]

D. W. CLARK,
T. F. CORKHILL, } Com.
L. HITCHCOCK, }



THE SINKING OF THE "MARY" 1872

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THE VIRGIN OF THE CROSS